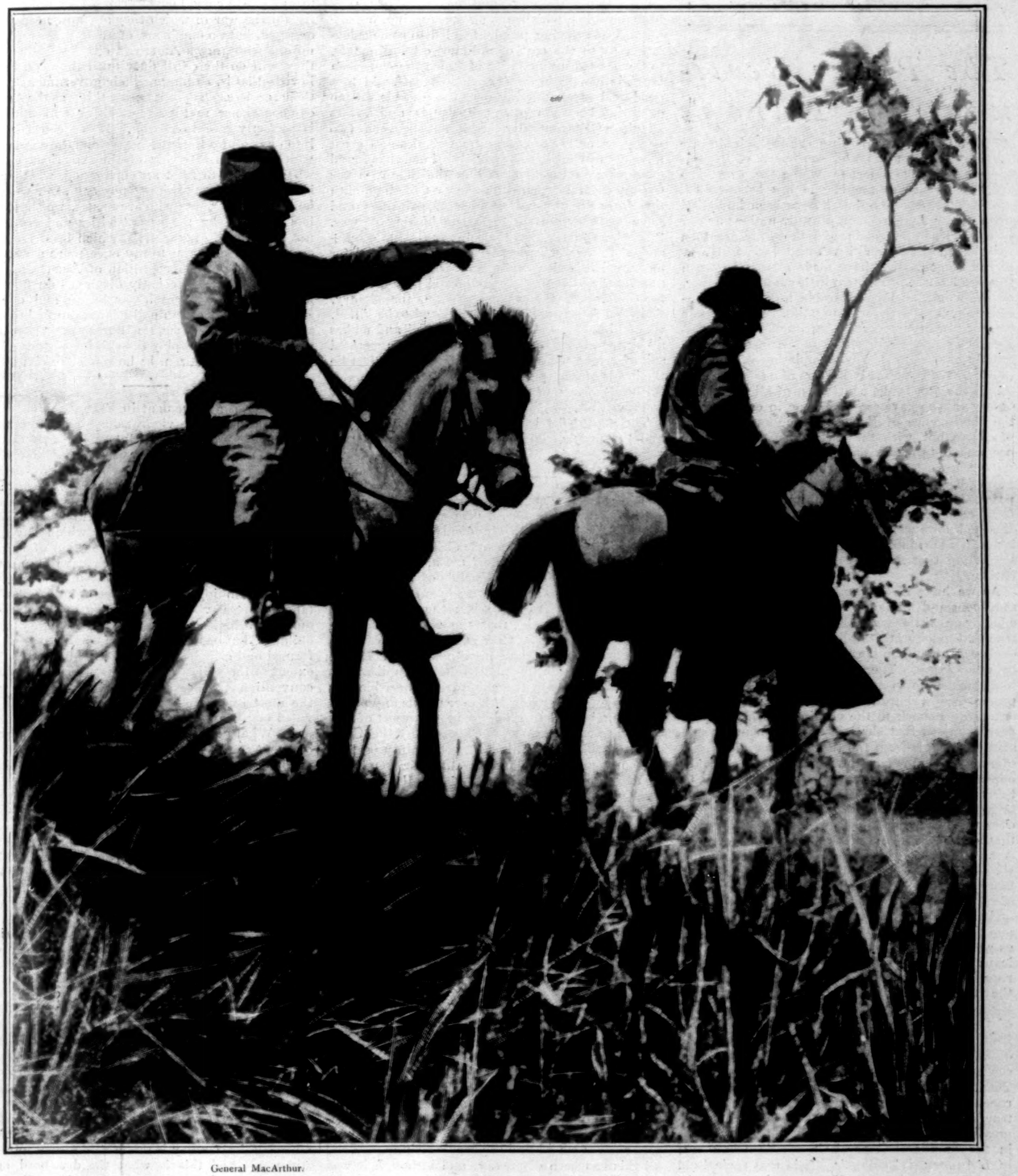
GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
MAY 25 1899

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2214
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899
TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

Copyright, 1899, by HARPER & BROTHERS
All Rights Reserved


General MacArthur.

MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR MACARTHUR, U.S.V., IN THE FIELD, GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO MAJOR FITZHUGH OF HIS STAFF.

PHOTOGRAPH RECEIVED FROM JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 537.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 27, 1899

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico
Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square
LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

The Peace Sentiment in Europe

THERE is something sympathetic in the public mind and sentiment of Europe with the object for which the peace conference at the Hague has been called. The horrors of war have been impressed upon the thoughts of men of other nations by our own wars against Spain and the Filipinos to a most extraordinary and interesting extent. Greater and bloodier wars have made men and women shudder less than these two little conflicts, costing, on the whole, an inconsiderable loss of life, especially among the victorious armies. But for some reason, which is so occult that its effect is almost a mystery, the public mind of Europe has been greatly moved by the contemplation of the disasters and of the ghastly horrors of our war. That this is the fact is the conclusion of all competent observers who have recently come in contact with the intelligence of Europe. Jingoes there are, of course, but, with the exception perhaps of an occasional absinthe-inspired poet of the symbolists, no voice has been raised in Europe extolling the glory of war and denouncing the ignominy of peace. Even the intelligent military mind refrains from such excesses, for the competent soldier of Europe knows well enough that the civilian mind is not in a mood to listen patiently to the barbarous suggestion that savagery is the ideal state of existence.

As we have already said, the reason why the sentiment and humanity of Europe have been excited by our little wars is hidden, but it is probably true that much of this feeling is due to the surprise excited by our irruption into the field of battle and by our success. The great republic had been so long looked up to as the lover of peace and the promoter of arbitration, that her appearance in arms was a shock to the civilized world. It had been supposed that she had reaped too many substantial benefits from the long practice of the arts of peace to risk the fortunes lightly, or even for serious cause. This was not the opinion only of the half-thinkers and the wholly thoughtless, who believed, or who professed to believe, that we were so given over to the pursuit and to the worship of wealth that we had no honor which we thought worth the cost of defence. It was also the opinion of our wise and admiring friends who recognize the nobility and strength of character and the liberality of mind which American institutions have wrought, and who knew well that honor is priceless to us, and that courage, dutifulness, and self-sacrifice are as well-developed traits of character among Americans as among the people of any country in Europe. These friends of ours were surprised because they thought that the time for war had not come; that we had not yet been driven to the choice of the dread alternative. But Congress differed from them, and the republic entered upon the field of war when all of military Europe, with the exception of England in the Sudan, was at peace. Then, again, our wonderful success surprised Europe. It did not seem very wonderful to us, it is true, but the opinion of Europe was correctly expressed in the words which ANATOLE FRANCE puts in the mouth of General Cartier de Chalmont, in *L'Anneau d'Améthyste*. Said that typical old French officer, in reply to a question as to the probable outcome of the war against Spain: "In declaring war against Spain, the Americans have committed an imprudence which ought to cost them dear. Possessing neither a land force nor a navy, it will be difficult for them to sustain a contest against a trained army and an experienced navy. They have some stokers and mechanics, but stokers and mechanics do not constitute a war fleet." Europe soon found herself mistaken, and there followed from our victories a verification of another, and more truthful, remark of the same worthy officer. Speaking of a possible American success, he said: "It would be paradoxical, and would inflict an insolent refutation upon the whole system in use among the nations which are essentially military. In effect," he continues, "the victory of the United States would be the criticism by deeds and facts of the principles adopted throughout Europe by the most competent military authorities."

Europe finding the peaceful republic the first of nations in the field of war with modern ships and modern arms, and, notwithstanding its lack of preparation, crushing an Old World power and carrying on an energetic contest against savages in a tropical climate, has had its attention and its imagination quickened, and has indulged in a long reflection, which, among the working, honest-minded, tax-paying people, has led to some calculation as to the cost of military establishments, to the boasted invincibility of which the American republic has given an *insolent démenti*, and to a good deal of shuddering over the possible fate to conscripted sons, brothers, husbands, and lovers should war eventually break out between two powers actually possessing great armies and great navies. In France this public sentiment has found expression in the arts, and in the Salon on the Champ de Mars opened on the first of the month there are an unusual number of paintings and some statuary setting forth the horrors of war. "This is *la guerre*," say the painters and sculptors—and of France, whose general staff is on trial for mediæval injustice, crime, and cruelty—and they portray the misery of slaughter and maiming, and the ignorance, the wicked passion, the bigotry, which send the soldiers out to kill and to be killed. One sculptor says, "This is militarism," and makes a hideous mailed figure, or rather an exaggerated suit of armor which is alive, and at whose feet lie the heads of dead philosophers and poets, the brainful heads of men of peace, and the empty skulls of war's victims.

The mailed fist is being questioned in Europe, and the people who sustain the governments are rejoicing over the railroad treaty between England and Russia, as they rejoiced over the settlement between England and France, because every avoidance of war is a step, short or long, towards universal peace. The Czar's project and invitation were not received with a cynical smile outside of the chancelleries. The people of Europe hope that something good will come from it, and expect at least some gain for the principle of international arbitration. This spirit has also penetrated at last into official quarters, and it is not now thought, as it once seemed to be, that the peace conference will be a joke. The Czar at least is in earnest. His ambassador in London, who represents him at the Hague, has for his mission the accomplishment of something that will make war less horrible, less profitable to either side, if it ever profits any power engaging in it, less likely to be the resort of civilized powers. France must stand by the Czar, partly because she is his ally, but mainly because her bourgeois people do not want their men killed or maimed in war. France needs all the brain and muscle she has for her industrial development and her agricultural regeneration, and her politicians know it. England and America are likely to work together for arbitration, and for the advancement of the arts of peace. It might have been better and more propitious if the republic could have gone to the conference without the record of recent wars, but this is not certain. Our wars have called attention to war itself, and we have shown clearly enough that our stand for peace is not due to our incapacity to fight. There is much value in that.

IT is not often given to a people, as it has recently been to Americans, to confound so completely their enemies and detractors. We were told that we were ill-disciplined, insubordinate, ignorant of the art of fighting, and, above all, we have been the subject of philosophical discourses based on the theory that as our population was a conglomeration of races, its loyalty was not to be depended upon, and that in the hour of need the government would find the people lacking. Well, all this has been disproved; and although it was not really necessary to go to war for the purpose of reassuring ourselves of the possession of the virtues inherent in all men, the complete answer to our detractors is at least one agreeable outcome of the war with Spain and the Filipinos. HARPER'S WEEKLY has already celebrated the splendid achievements of the army and the navy in the war with Spain, and we have done our utmost to secure justice for the line of the regular army, for whom, fortunately for the honor of the country, there are now more friends among the politicians than could be found at the beginning of the war. The volunteers, as well as the regulars, have shown in the Philippines the full significance of American training under American institutions. They have shown that, peace-loving as he is, the American man, no matter what his Old World parentage may have been, is a loyal and devoted citizen, ready to sacrifice himself when his country demands the sacrifice. They have shown, too, that this man can be very quickly turned into a first-rate soldier, whose energy and enterprise are of a kind that astonishes the professional soldier of the military powers of Europe; that he brings to the work of war the great intelligence—the educated intelligence—which has made him master of the much nobler arts of peace. It is true that some of the volunteers want to come home, because they did not enlist for the war in which they are now necessarily engaged, but no one hears of their desertion, and no one who knows American citizens doubts that they will do their full duty until they can be relieved—that is, as long as their government needs their services. There is such a thing as the American conscience, and it is something with which it is perfectly safe to reckon. If we could infuse into our politics the intelligence and the conscience which are characteristic of the American citizen when he rises to meet an emergency, whether he is responsible for the emergency or not, or whether he approves of those who are or not, we should be less annoyed by the eccentricities and crudities, not to speak of graver evils, which beset the government. But it was to say once more a word of grateful and proud recognition of American manhood as it has been recently displayed on fields of battle that this paragraph was begun, and our allusion to the American politician is simply because, as a rule, he offers such a fine dark background against which to display the shining virtues of the plain American citizen, be he soldier or civilian.

THERE is a movement in France, which promises to become vigorous, against alcoholism, and it presents some interesting material for reflection to our own fellow-citizens who are engaged in the effort to solve the liquor evil. France is becoming, if it has not already become, the hardest-drinking nation in the world. Why this is so Frenchmen find it difficult to say, but they freely admit the terrible consequences which have followed from the increased consumption of spirituous liquors—consequences which have been a veritable curse. Not to go minutely into details, this absinthe-drinking people are losing physical, mental, and moral virtues which they once possessed, and are bringing into the world not only fewer children, but smaller children, and children deformed and crippled in both mind and body. The extent of the evil is so great that an anti-alcoholic convention has been recently held at Paris, and the most serious newspapers of the city have devoted many columns to the discussion of the problem. What ought to be chiefly interesting to some of our American philanthropists who are seeking to solve the problem—a task at which prohibitory legislation has evidently failed—is the fact that the French possess and practise naturally, by inheritance, many of the remedies which are suggested here as possible cures for drunkenness. They are drinkers of light wines. Indeed, wine is their native beverage, and there is not a peasant in the vine-growing districts of the country who does not cultivate the grape for the wine which it will produce, and which is as essential a household supply as is the winter's store of pork to many American farmers and working-men. It is clear that wine-drinking makes the step to spirit-drinking an easy one, to the person whose tendency is towards over-stimulation. Again, the Frenchman never lacks opportunities for amusement. He is not driven to the *cabaret* or the *buvette*, as we say in New York, for example, that the American working-man is driven to the saloon. The Frenchman has better opportunities, and he improves them fully. Besides, a drunkard is more despised in France than he is in countries more accustomed to him; for, though France is drinking hard, she is making up for many years of comparative abstinence. All these things being so, no remedy for the evil which is afflicting the country is thought of except total abstinence. And this is what the drunkard must make up his mind to wherever he exists. The man who loves to drink for the drunkenness that follows must submit to a war between his tastes and his will, and he can only be saved by the victory of his will. Diverting amusement may console him, but he must win his fight alone, suffering much pain in the process. Neither the law nor dominoes can cure him.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT, with all steam up, navigates in these days in waters that are both deep and hot. He has called an extra session of the Legislature to improve the Ford bill for taxation of franchises and to pass a new rapid transit measure for New York. The action of the Legislature is at this writing still in prospect, and may not be confidently forecast.

The spirit which actuates the Governor in dealing with such matters as franchise taxation and rapid transit found expression in the speech he made on May 15, at the dinner of the Independent Club of Buffalo. Talking with great fervor about the franchise taxation matter, he said:

> "Oh, if I could only impress upon you the two sides of the question—that the rich man who buys a privilege from a Board of Aldermen for a railway which he represents, the rich man who gets a privilege through the Legislature by bribery and corruption for any corporation, that man is committing an offence against the community which it is possible may some day have to be condoned in blood and destruction, not by him, not by his sons, but by you and your sons. If I could only make you understand that on one side, and make you understand on the other—make the mass of our people, make the mass of our voters understand, on the other—that the worst thing they can do is to choose a representative who shall say, 'I am against corporations; I am against capital,' and not a man who shall say, 'I stand by the Ten Commandments; I stand by doing equal justice to the man of means and the man without means; I stand by saying that no man shall be stolen from, and that no man shall steal from any one else; I stand by saying that the corporations shall not be blackmailed on the one side, and that the corporations shall not acquire any improper power by corruption on the other; that the corporation shall pay its full share of the public burdens, and that when it does so it shall be protected in its rights exactly as any one else is protected.'"

The Buffalo address all through was a cry for honest dealing in all concerns; in politics; in business. It was a good speech, and there was no question that the speaker's heart was in it. However the franchise taxation bill may turn out, and whether or not the extra session was expedient, there is no doubt that the Governor is standing by the Ten Commandments to the very best of his ability, and humping himself to promote fair play.

IN the WEEKLY of last week was given an extract from the letter of a Southern woman, telling how white children go to school in Georgia. In a later letter this same correspondent writes:

> What I wrote of the way white children go to school is only one out of many illustrations that could be given of "life behind the scenes" on a Georgia plantation to-day. My own little nephews and nieces go to school by the ringing of the plantation bells. Think of these children, scarce knowing what it all means, yet listening for the sound of the bells to tell them that the big boys are coming to protect them from the dark shadow that hides in the bushes! This thing has not come about in a day. It has not started since the Sam Hose lynching. It is the slow and steady growth of thirty years of negro outrages on white women and girls.
>
> It is said that education at the South is increasing faster among the negroes than among the whites. Is it any wonder? The negro children go to school in perfect freedom and safety all the year round, while the white schools are closed half the time because of a lack of sufficient protection for the children. Is it any wonder that the white men of the rural districts, the landlords and property-owners, who are taxed to educate these negroes, are beginning to fight free schools? and that the Georgia Legislature at its last session cut down the appropriation for education?
>
> . . . .
>
> The injustice that is done the South is that the outrages committed by negroes cannot be described in print nor discussed in public, while the lynching of negroes for crime is given in all its horrible details.

The letter from which these extracts are made is, of course, the letter of a partisan, speaking for her own side, yet speaking truthfully as far as she goes. Her words are quoted not to excite animosity towards negroes, nor to excuse lynching, nor to justify oppression, nor to disparage the education of negroes, but to show that there are two sides to the race question in the South, and that the negroes are not the only people who live in apprehension and insecurity. Of course the very bad negroes who are dangerous to women and children are a small minority of their race, but it is averred that when these men commit outrageous crimes the other and better negroes hide them from justice.

There the misery of lynching comes in. Of course negroes hide black criminals from mobs and lynching parties.

About the strongest thing in the world is human nature. It is stronger than law, stronger than argument, stronger than self-interest. In the relations of blacks and whites in the South it shows at every turn. The problem in the South is how to make two races, almost equal in numbers, but unequal in capacity and force, live together in peace on equal terms without merging. If negroes and whites could intermarry, the problem might settle itself faster. The Southern white man says that a black man shall not marry a white woman. That prohibition is, no doubt, at the bottom of most of the cases of negro violence to white women. It is the prohibited thing that unruly passions demand. If the black woman was prohibited to the white man with the same determination that the white woman is prohibited in the South to the black man, no doubt we should oftener hear of white men in Georgia taking to the woods with blood-hounds on their trail.

But of course nothing in these reflections must be interpreted to favor a mixture of blacks and whites as a solution of race troubles. It is a true instinct of self-preservation that leads the Southern white to keep his race separate. It is obviously demoralizing for Southern whites to live with negroes as they do, but if the two races began to merge, what would the end be?

It is all a very big and intricate problem—too big to be settled by mass-meetings in Boston, too big to be settled by emigration or colonization. It will have to be settled in the South, where it is best understood. The best people in the South are the people most competent to deal with it.

IN one particular at least the present position of the Southern negroes is more advantageous than that of the negroes before the war. They can leave the South if they wish to. There is no need of an underground railroad. All that is necessary is for each negro to learn of some place where he will be better off, and provide himself with the money to take him there. If the seven million negroes of the South could be distributed throughout the United States, lynchings would probably cease, for the negro element would not be strong enough anywhere to cause race jealousy or disturb politics. Of course such a distribution is impracticable, but it can be attempted, at least on a small scale. The newspapers tell of the plan of Mr. Perry, a colored lawyer of New York, to start a colored colony on the Peconic River on Long Island. His plan is to buy 3000 acres of land, bring up a picked lot of negroes, and establish a negro community, governed by special rules, and run by negroes for negroes. If such a scheme should be carried out it would be very interesting to watch its progress, but no one who knows anything about the history of attempts to establish exclusive communities of working-people can be very sanguine of its success.

IN the contest in London between the British Sabbath and the American Sunday newspaper, the Sabbath, at last accounts, was a little ahead. The *Daily Mail* and the *Telegraph* lately started Sunday editions, on the American plan, but the *Mail* has since been brought to see the error of its ways and has suspended its Sunday edition, issuing as a sort of substitute an illustrated edition on Saturday. There have long been Sunday newspapers in London, but the *Mail* and *Telegraph* were the first daily papers to start Sunday issues. There is usually a difference between a paper that is issued on Sundays only and the Sunday edition of a daily paper. The latter gives the news, and though it may give much besides, its news is what makes it seem indispensable. The former also gives some news, but not as the daily paper gives it. When the chief daily papers have no Sunday editions, as in London, Monday's paper is bound to record everything of moment that has happened since Saturday; but where all the chief morning papers do have Sunday editions, as in New York, to miss the Sunday papers is to miss one day's record. Consequently persons who object to Sunday newspapers can get along without them very well so long as the great dailies eschew them, but when the great dailies affect them they become much more nearly indispensable. The fight in London, therefore, which opposes the Sunday *Mail* and the Sunday *Telegraph*, but neglects the Sunday *Sun* and other papers issued on Sunday only, is more reasonable than on the surface it appears to be.

IT is never quite convenient to spare a man who really knows his business. Francisque Sarcey was such a person. He knew a great deal about many things, but in particular he knew the business of being a dramatic critic, and practised it to so much purpose that, now that his work is over, he will be seriously missed. He died in Paris on May 15, in his seventy-first year.

Inasmuch as he had the knowledge and felicity to hold and express decided views on a great variety of important subjects, it may be presumed that his life was a happy one. Early in life he began to show exceptional intelligence, and he kept at it very persistently. At school he took many prizes; at Grenoble, where he became a teacher of rhetoric and philosophy, he insisted on practising what he taught, and wrote political articles which caused the government to take away his job.

Then he found employment with Paris *Figaro*, for which he wrote essays, and from that fell into settled literary habits. From 1859 to 1867 he was dramatic critic for *L'Opinion Nationale*, and after that for *Temps*. In the latter paper's service he made the reputation by which he is best known.

He wrote, however, on many subjects besides the stage, and contributed to many papers besides *Temps*. And he was a lecturer, too, and talked as freely as he wrote. His influence as a dramatic critic was very great, and on the whole well founded, for though his likes and dislikes were keen and his prejudices frequent, his capacity was great, and his knowledge exact and ample.

He published a number of books, among them *Étienne Moret*, *Le Nouveau Seigneur de Village*, and *Souvenirs de Jeunesse*.

ADMIRAL DEWEY being on his way home, the public mind begins to exercise itself on the question of his reward. Congress has given him high rank and a comfortable salary for life, and will hardly feel authorized to do more. If a fortune is to be provided for him it must be raised, as in former cases, by subscription. At present it is proposed to buy him a house in Washington, and subscription-books have been opened in Washington for that purpose. The national chairman of the fund is Assistant-Secretary Vanderlip of the Treasury Department, United-States-Treasurer Roberts is the treasurer, and the circular inviting subscriptions is signed by them and by General Corbin, Assistant-Secretary Allen of the Navy Department, and Assistant-Postmaster-General Heath.

New York, taking it for granted that the Admiral will come first to her, is considering how he may be adequately received, and the Aldermen have under advisement a resolution to appropriate $150,000 to spend on a hot time in his honor. A good deal of sport can be provided with that much money, though it seems doubtful whether an occasion which so obviously contains within itself the elements of spontaneous festivity really requires so much financial stimulation. An open barouche drawn by four horses, in which the Admiral would consent to be hauled from the Battery to Central Park, is all that is indispensably necessary to one of the biggest shows on record. The people would do the rest. The expenses need not exceed $100, and the remaining $149,900 might be put in a bank subject to the Admiral's order. Thrift of that sort, however, is hardly likely to commend itself to the municipal authorities, who will doubtless be slow to realize that the people will be so interested in seeing George Dewey that they won't care very much whether there is more to the show or not.

At present the *Olympia* is expected home the latter part of July, but she will not hurry, and it will be safer not to predict the date of her arrival until she leaves Gibraltar.

MR. JOHN BONNER, who died on May 5 in San Francisco, was for several years, just after the civil war, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY. He was born in Quebec in 1828, was graduated from Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario, and spent the six following years in Paris, where he studied law and medicine. Coming to New York about 1851, he joined the editorial staff of the *Herald*, and continued in that employment until the close of the war, when he came to the WEEKLY. The list of his books written at that time and published by the Harpers includes *The Child's History of France*, and similar histories of Greece, Rome, Spain, and the United States. Among other of his published works are *A Treatise on the Registry Laws of Canada*, and *The Old Régime of the Revolution*.

The last thirty years of his life he passed in San Francisco, where he became very well known as a newspaper leader writer, being connected first and last with nearly all the prominent newspapers in San Francisco.

THE discussion as to the expediency of ordaining Dr. Briggs as a priest of the Episcopal Church terminated on May 14 in his ordination by Bishop Potter in the pro-cathedral in Stanton Street, New York. Dr. Briggs finding his faith equal to the requirements of the Episcopal Church as set forth in the prayer-book, and being able to offer the proper credentials, the bishop found no reason to deny him ordination. Moreover, he did not receive him passively, or as one constrained by duty, but welcomed him with satisfaction, which he expressed at length in a letter addressed to a layman who had protested against the ordination.

As there was much doubt what the bishop would do, his action has greatly interested the public. To the majority of observers it has given great satisfaction as strengthening the hands of those Christians who believe that their religion has nothing to fear from sound scholarship.

THE undergraduate this spring seems to feel the need of a war or something to give his spirits a vent. The young Presbyterians of Princeton attacked a circus the other day and had a very lively scrimmage, and the untrammelled Baptists of Brown have been scrapping with the firemen and police of the city of Providence. Worse still, there are reports of evil doings and ugliness in college baseball. In a recent match between Princeton and Harvard the fielders of one team kept up a fire of irritating comment in the field on the batsmen of the other team, with the result that a base-runner finally knocked down a catcher. The experts say that intercollegiate baseball manners are not as suave as they should be this year. Too bad! The great, masterful fighting virtues that the undergraduate soldiers developed last year don't seem to be contagious.

A ST. LOUIS magistrate, Judge Peabody, was the hero of a newspaper story which went up and down in the land, to the effect that he favored wife-beating, provided it is done moderately and on suitable grounds. The judge discharged a man who was accused in his court of slapping his wife's face, but he has declared that the newspapers have misquoted him. He denies absolutely that he ever expressed the slightest approval or toleration of corporeal correction of wives by their husbands. He should comfort himself with the thought that though he may have been misrepresented, and so have suffered injustice, the opinions attributed to him have been the means of demonstrating how widespread and deep is the American belief in the right of the gentler sex to gentle treatment. No American newspaper seems ready to admit that any husband is ever excusable in striking his wife.

MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW, at last reports, was at St. Malo, France, trying to get over the effects of the war with Spain. It will be recalled that in the early stages of the conflict he wrote from Tampa one or two letters wherein candor and a knowledge of military affairs were more conspicuous than optimism or approval. Returning from there he went to Manila, came back invalided, and for six months has been busy in the effort, not yet wholly successful, to get the memory of the Philippines out of his system. "How trifling," he writes, "is a Mauser bullet compared with a well of bad water or a swampy bed!"

DRAMA

Shakspere and the Syndicate.

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN'S production of "Romeo and Juliet" is remarkable, first of all because it is by Mr. Charles Frohman. The theatrical trust, or so-called syndicate, of which he is the greatest part, has long been credited with anything rather than with an interest in the drama as an art. It is charged that in arranging its multifarious commercial enterprises it tyrannously dictates what its actor-servants shall and shall not do, which, aside from its personal unpleasantness, usually forces our best actors to undergo the soul-destroying ordeal of long runs, such as, for example, Mr. John Drew is undergoing in "The Liars," and Miss Maude Adams and Mr. James Hackett have lately undergone in "The Little Minister" and "Rupert of Hentzau." Needless to say, it has up to now quietly given Shaksperean rôles the go-by.

Shakspere as a Corker.

The hostile criticism of the syndicate is aptly summarized in an anecdote, emanating, I take it, from the world of player-folk itself, which has been broadly circulated in the metropolis. The anecdote is undoubtedly an invention, but it is vastly more suggestive of the popular esteem of the syndicate than any array of facts. "Since we are going to do 'Juliet,'" Mr. Frohman is said to have said, "I suppose I'll have to read the play. Jones-Robinson, make me a scenario of it." According to the story, Jones-Robinson did, and Mr. Frohman gave it his best attention. "Confound it!" he said, when he had done, clapping his knee, "that's the corkingest play I've found in a dog's age. Why don't some of you fellows that call yourselves playwrights make me something like that?" The anecdote makes it obvious, among other things, that Mr. Frohman knows a good play when he reads the scenario, and that when he knows it, like Squeers of ancient note, he goes and does it. To be sure, it is also said that Mr. Frohman is obliged to play Miss Adams in Shakspere by the terms of his agreement with her, as a recompense for the two years of her young life as an artist which have been just about thrown away on a popular comedy; but that does not alter the fact that the syndicate is in an interesting fix. The ambition and vitality which have made it and its people the leading power in the commercial world, like any other normal and vigorous ambition, have made it sigh for new worlds to conquer. Miss Adams has ceased to be *Lady Babbie* to become *Juliet;* Mr. Faversham has been rescued from "Lord and Lady Algy" to play *Romeo;* and Mr. Hackett has stopped being the double star in "Rupert of Hentzau" to play *Mercutio.* All this makes a great event. The McLean-Tyler-Henford combination, after facing the ordeal of metropolitan half-culture, has apparently abandoned Shakspere; and Madame Modjeska, the greatest Shaksperean actress in America, comes to the metropolis no oftener than once in two years. Even Mr. Augustin Daly, upon whom we had staked our supreme hopes, declined first into musical comedy, and then into Drury Lane melodrama; and he has finally, it seems, abandoned the classics altogether. We can only hope that Jones-Robinson will make Mr. Frohman scenarios of other Shaksperean plays. We feel ourselves justified in predicting that Mr. Frohman will find many of them no less corking than "Romeo."

Campbell Gollan as *Tybalt.* William Faversham as *Romeo.* James K. Hackett as *Mercutio.*

ROMEO INTERRUPTING THE FIGHT BETWEEN *TYBALT* AND *MERCUTIO.*

As acted in Mr. Charles Frohman's Production of the Shaksperean Tragedy.

Shakspere as he was wrote.

The arrangement of the play for the stage is ample evidence of the intelligence of the syndicate. The great manager-actor Garrick gave Shakspere the benefit of his knowledge and experience by rewriting the last act so that *Juliet* awakes before *Romeo* dies; and Goethe made a complete revision of the play that long held the German stage; but Mr. Frohman's people, perhaps more wisely, have given Shakspere his say in all essential particulars. Some excision is, of course, necessary. The play was written for a stage that was almost without stage settings; and as the lines were rapidly declaimed, instead of being spoken with an effort at the verisimilitude of life, the whole thing could be got over, as Shakspere tells us in the prologue to *Romeo,* in "two hours' traffic." The fact that Mr. Frohman adheres to Shakspere's ordering of the scenes—I noted but one disarrangement—necessitates fourteen complete changes; but the sets, though adequately rich, are simple, on the whole, and were dexterously shifted. Until our audiences are scholarly enough to see the propriety of staging the play as Shakspere intended (which, I fear, will be never) the production is perhaps the most satisfactory one can look for. The anecdote of the scenario notwithstanding, Mr. Frohman has given his audiences more of the real play of Shakspere than we have been accustomed to see on the boards of the managers who most pride themselves on their scholarship.

MAUDE ADAMS AS *JULIET.*

***Romeo* of Broadway.**

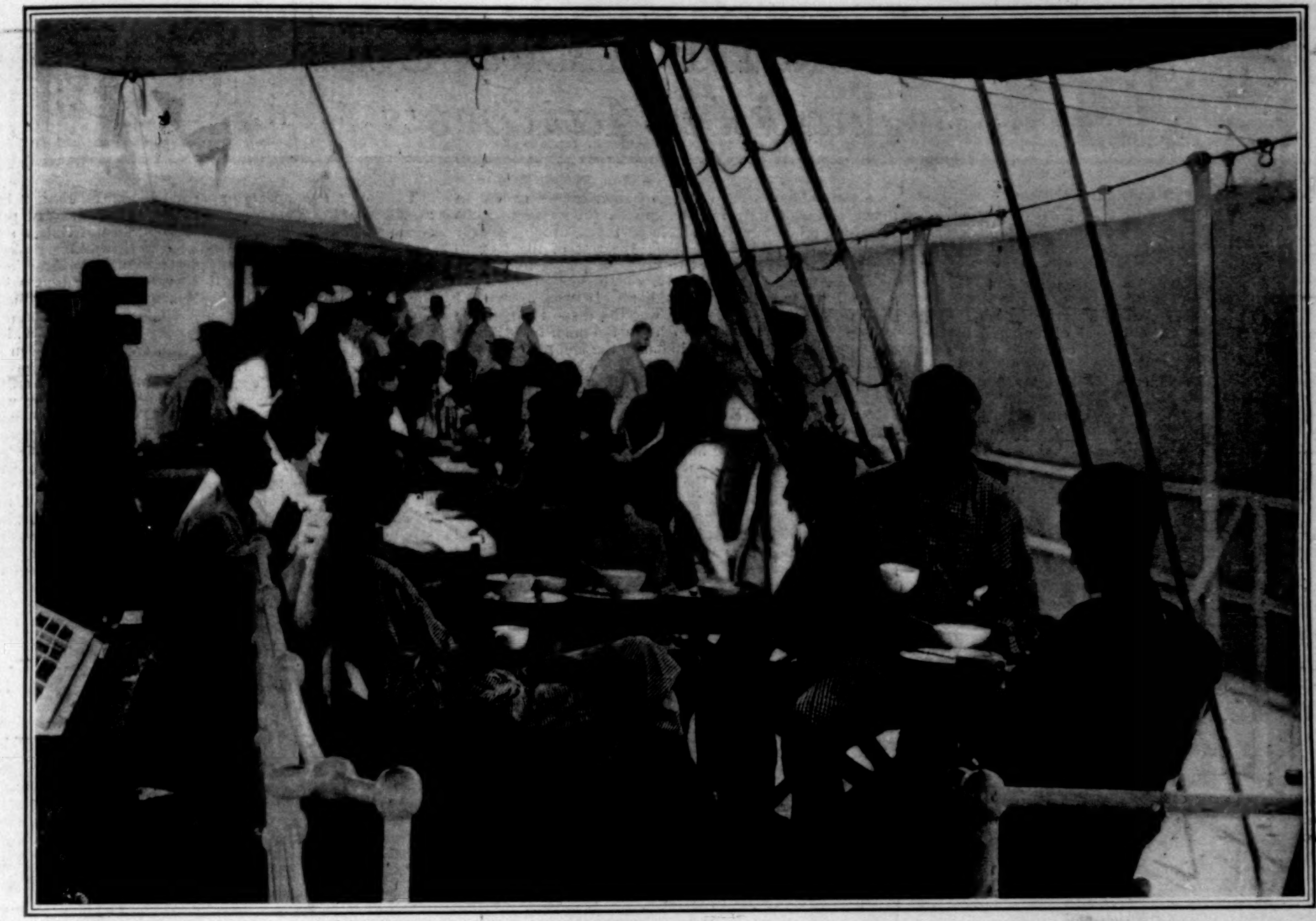
The virtues of the acting were what any one familiar with syndicate methods and results could have predicted. Out of his large corps of practised actors Mr. Frohman was able to cast the subordinate parts with extraordinary success; the handling of the crowds, and all the details of stage management, were skilfully executed. A stock company of long standing could scarcely have done better. It was in the principal characters that the production broke down. Mr. Hackett showed intelligence in reading, even in the famous *Queen Mab* speech, perhaps the most difficult bit of sheer elocution in the language; yet the effect was as weak as the intention was firm. Never once did his manner heighten and kindle to the exuberant lines he was uttering, and the jest on which he died showed him a grave man even before he was dead. Mr. Faversham's *Romeo* was less fine and more effective. The defects of his imagination and scholarship are indicated by the fact that in the great scene where he kisses *Juliet* at the masque—a conventional greeting between men and women in Shakspere's time—he first glances covertly about, like a farm boy kissing a dairymaid, to see that no one is looking. It need scarcely be added that of the dreamy, impetuous, passionate *Romeo* of Shakspere one got only the faintest glimmer. Yet, if he imagined less than Mr. Hackett, he achieved more. In the main his *Romeo* was commanding and vigorous. The part stands out from the rest for its simplicity and consistency.

***Juliet* as Miss Adams.**

Miss Adams's *Juliet* has raised a battle royal among the critics. One party would have us take it with reverence and bated breath as a new and original reading; if it is not passionate and rhetorical, they say, it is girlish, arch, and naturalistic. Let us grant that it is right enough to read Shakspere in the light of the ruling stage convention, which just now is for naturalism; but are we justified in treating the lines as anything else than lines? When Shakspere meant his words to be spoken merely, he wrote them as prose, and no dramatist has ever known how to write prose better. At her worst Miss Adams gives us a mere mumble, and even when the words can be distinguished their suppleness and fluency are lost, to say nothing of their poetic fervor. And if Miss Adams is intentionally rendering the part more than usually girlish, why does she make *Juliet* sixteen years old, when Shakspere was at pains to describe her as fourteen? Her rendering, far from being an intellectual creation, has every appearance of being determined by her histrionic limitations. Her masque is as unsuited to a great poetic part as it is suited to *Lady Babbie.* Lacking the elements of plastic beauty and grace, it is so mobile that, apparently without her willing it, it runs through all shadings of archness, ingenuousness, and tenderness. When *Juliet* breathes out those supreme lines of passion from an Italian balcony, she has little cause to be arch; when she appeals to *Friar Laurence* in his cell, one scarcely looks for ingenuousness; and it is hardly a tender *Juliet* that drinks the potion. The womanhood of Shakspere's *Juliet* is of a different kind. From the moment the great passion is awakened it moves with the breadth and sweep of a cosmic force; its utterance steeps our senses in the soft Italian moonlight, and tunes them to the singing of the nightingale, and it is pure with the purity of elemental fire. And over all—the first sweet awakening and the last solace of death—an inexorable fate is brooding. Real as *Juliet* is in characterization, her life has more of the movement of a dream than that of any other of Shakspere's heroines; and until an actress masters the great movement of this dream poem the resources of naturalism are out of the question. It is sad to remember that the *Juliet* of Miss Marlowe—who is now throwing herself away on "Colinette"—was strong and true where Miss Adams is inadequate, and that the *Romeo* of Mr. Robert Tabor, whose talent, unappreciated here, has been welcomed in England, was rich and virile where Mr. Faversham's is dull.

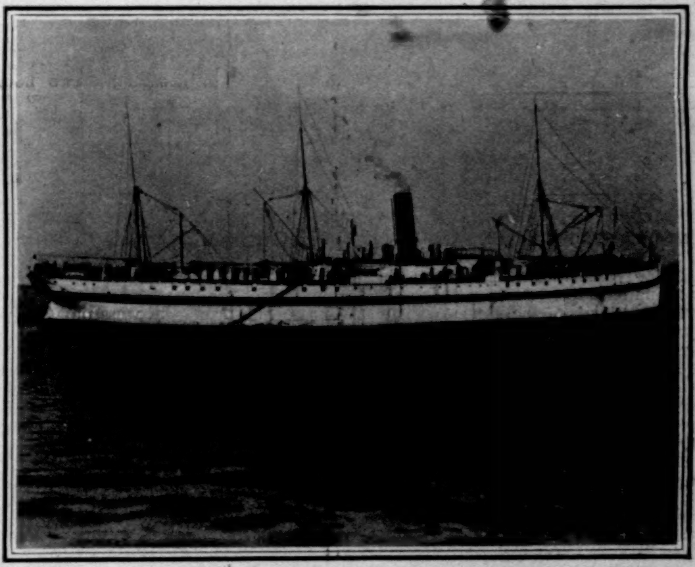
The critics of the second faction find that Miss Adams is the victim of an overweening ambition, and exhaust their vocabularies of personal abuse on her. A plague o' both their houses! Lacking as the performance is in authority, it rises here and there to unexpected heights. The quick birth of *Juliet's* passion has seldom been rendered better—the suspense, the fear, the joy, and the final abandonment are plainly denoted, and mingle in a turmoil of rioting emotion; and though this first moment is Miss Adams's best, the performance throughout is regulated by unerring purity of taste and feeling. If *Juliet* is lacking, it is much that we have Miss Adams! The burst upon burst of applause that greeted the first performance was plainly an expression of personal affection and loyalty. Among English-speaking people, whose appreciation of the actor's art is always meagre, it is inevitable that the personal charm of the performer should be considered before his skill; but the fact remains that we have Miss Adams, and that her public has accepted her in a Shaksperean rôle. More than this, the gentlemen who hold the present fortunes of our theatre in their hands are convinced that "Shakspere" does not necessarily spell ruin, even with a metropolitan audience. Until we have a subscription theatre such as Mr. William Archer has described, there could be no more hopeful sign than Miss Adams's success, such as it is, in her great ambition.

JOHN CORBIN.

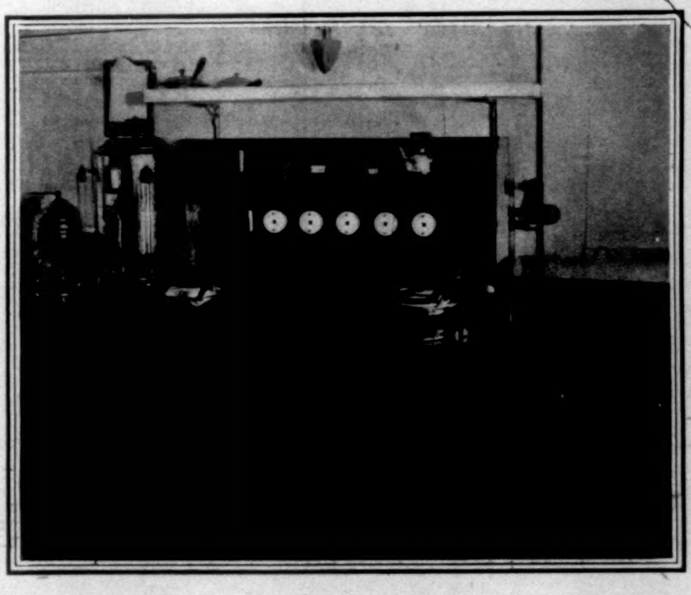


CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS LUNCHING ON DECK.

THE CONTAGIOUS WARD.



THE "MISSOURI" AT SANTIAGO.



ONE OF THE ELECTRIC KITCHENS PRESENTED BY MISS HELEN GOULD.

A CORNER IN THE OPERATING-ROOM.

THE UNITED STATES SHIP "MISSOURI"—THE FIRST AND ONE OF THE FINEST OF OUR HOSPITAL VESSELS.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

The RECONSTRUCTION *of* CUBA

LIBERTY
&
JUSTICE

By Franklin Matthews

IX.

HAVANA GRAVE AND GAY—GENERAL GARCIA'S FUNERAL, AND THE FIRST SUNDAY OF THE CARNIVAL

TWO important events occurred practically within twenty-four hours in Havana in the early part of February that were so wide in their contrasts and yet so typical of the temperament of the people that their story should be told together in order to reveal their full significance. One was the funeral of General Calixto Garcia, and other events immediately associated with it, some of which have become known only in part in the United States, and the other was the first Sunday of the carnival under American rule. The funeral occurred on Saturday, February 11, and the carnival was held the next day. The funeral was characterized by evidences of profound public mourning. A scene occurred also which I believe to have been of far-reaching importance, and it developed at once into an excitement such as I have never seen in any part of the United States. The carnival was characterized by such boisterousness and hilarity, and such a waste of flour at a time when thousands within the city and within easy reach of the city had no food except what was given out at public relief stations, that the American sentinels who paraded in solemn tread up and down the promenade of the Prado, and the hundreds of Americans who came out to see the show, looked on in open-eyed amazement. And in the eyes of the Cubans it was not much of a carnival, either. Both events were picturesque and typical.

The moment that the booming of the guns in salute announced the arrival of the remains of General Garcia, on an American man-of-war, thousands upon thousands of Cuban and American flags appeared at half-mast on flagstaffs and roofs and in arches and windows. In a twinkling it seemed as if the old pro-Spanish city of Havana had become a Cuban stronghold. It had been supposed that there was little sympathy there with the Cuban cause, and that although Spanish rule had ended, the people were still hostile to the idea of Cuban independence. The elaborate display of bunting intertwined with black, from the palatial residences of the rich and the hovels of the poor, seemed to indicate either a complete conversion of the people in patriotic sentiment or a profound testimonial to the personal worth of General Garcia, or perhaps both. In an alleyway scarcely one hundred feet long, and lined with mere shanties, I counted no less than thirteen Cuban and American flags at half-mast—flags that must have varied in cost from twenty-five cents to five dollars.

The city was stirred tremendously by the arrival of the remains. The city authorities had made arrangements for a public funeral, and for the body to lie in state two days in the Governor-General's palace. Far into the night the crowds swarmed about the palace in the effort to view the body. It was placed in the room where the city council meets. The walls were lined with black with gilt spangles, and hundred of artificial flower pieces, with purple and white and red ribbons and rosettes attached, filled the adjacent rooms. Some of the best known residents and officials of the city and some of the recognized women leaders of the highest society sat in a room adjacent to the remains, while the people, in single file, streamed through, hour after hour. Out in the street the people fought madly for places in the line. Women of refinement were pushed about in the crowds, and their clothing trampled upon. The hoarse shouts of the American soldiers as they beat back the crowds were mingled with the cries of alarm from women and children. All wagon and carriage traffic was stopped within three blocks of the palace. Hundreds of the ladies of Havana, those who are seldom seen outside of their homes except at night, and then only in carriages on their way to some social or other function of importance, drove as near as they could, and then walked the rest of the way to the palace, where they had to fight for places in the line that was filing past the body, which was guarded by a detail of armed Cuban soldiers. It was a time of deep public mourning, and it was the disposition of the United States authorities to leave the manifestation of public grief and public sentiment in the complete control of the people of the city, so far as possible.

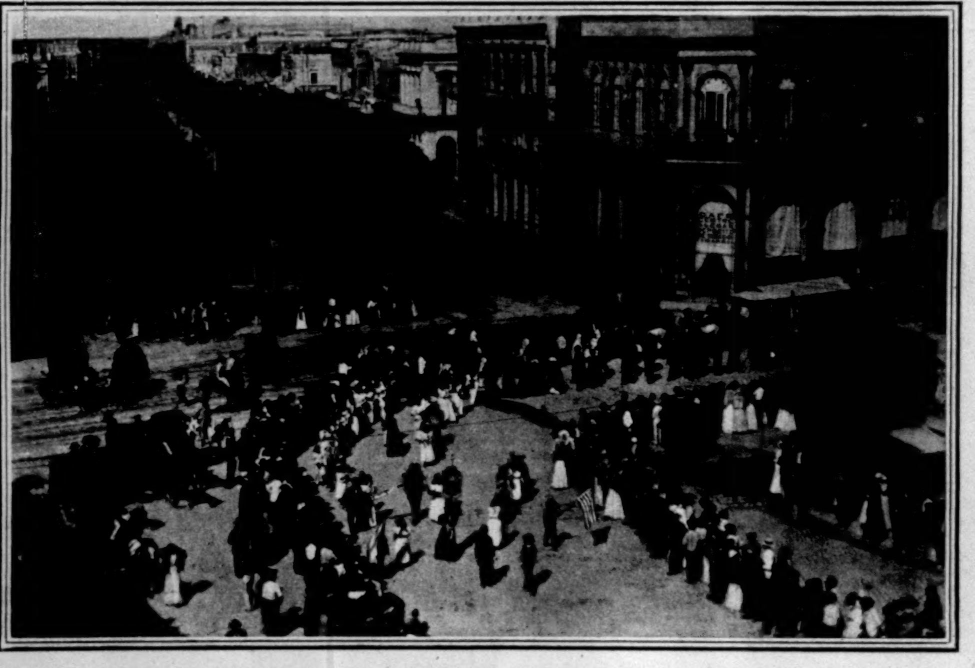
The arrangements for the funeral had been completed, practically, when General Brooke, as Military Governor of the island, received orders from Washington to give the remains burial honors fitting the rank of General Garcia. There was nothing left for General Brooke to do but to offer a soldier's hearse—an army caisson—and to attend with his staff, and with the other generals of the United States army near by and their staffs, and a proper escort, as representatives of the great American nation in military control of the island. It is worthy of special note that all our generals near Havana did attend personally, instead of sending representatives. The committee in charge of the event had arranged places for the hundreds of societies that wished to have places in the line, and, to all appearances, every detail had been looked after carefully. The procession was to move soon after one o'clock in the afternoon, on its way to the great Colon Cemetery, where the heroes of the *Maine* lie buried, three miles out of town—a beautiful cemetery on a hill, from whose gates a splendid view of the Atlantic Ocean in the distance may be obtained. All business in the city was suspended. The societies, the military, the city officials and church dignitaries, went to their assigned places in the narrow streets, and thousands flocked to the plaza in the centre of town, known as Central Park. There was a noticeable delay in starting the procession, but soon after two o'clock the dirges of the bands were heard and the horsemen clearing the streets came into view. Half a dozen companies of the Tenth regular infantry were drawn up on one side of the plaza, and their regimental band mingled its strains of mourning music with those that were in the procession.

The people stood silent in crowds. Every window and balcony was filled. There were long lines of civilians carrying banners and artificial flowers, with streamers, on which some sentiment of mourning and of honor to Garcia had been printed in gilt letters. What was the chief surprise to Americans was to see thousands of women and girls in the parade. They had numerous societies of their own. They were smart in their gowns. Some wore hats, some wore mantillas, some carried sunshades or fans, but the majority were bareheaded. They carried their banners high in the air, and held their artificial floral tributes up to full view. That part of the procession reminded one of the annual Sunday-school parade in Brooklyn. The procession moved at a very slow pace. There were scores of men in tall hats and evening dress; priests stepped along sedately with heads uncovered, and their white or black gowns trailing in the street; American cavalry and artillery clattered and rumbled along, with that marked spirit of strict attention to duty that characterizes the regular soldier everywhere; American generals and their staffs rode or drove by; city officials and university professors were on foot; showy hearses with lackeys in gorgeous uniforms, and escorts burning torches, rolled by, filled with floral tributes; the coffin on the army caisson, and draped with the Cuban flag, made a severe and simple show, such as befitted the occasion; and then there were the volunteer firemen in their showy uniforms, followed by a long line of empty carriages at the rear of the procession. It was an imposing spectacle of public grief and respect to a dead chieftain on the part of a demonstrative and sentimental people.

To those of the spectators near the Central Park it became evident that there was something wrong. The procession had come to a halt, and soon files of Cuban soldiers with arms reversed were seen to be walking rapidly on either side of the carriages containing the American generals and their staffs, as if to overtake the caisson with the body, and to march beside it or near it. Then a young Cuban officer ran by, and in a few minutes the Cuban soldiers were seen coming back to the square, after which they disappeared. No more Cuban soldiers were seen in the parade at any time that afternoon. The withdrawal was a mystery to all the spectators, but the people were so taken up with the procession that almost no attention was paid to it at the time. It was a fine show to see the civilians—men, women, and children—parading the streets. Intense interest marked the appearance of the cavalry escort—the Seventh Cavalry, Custer's old regiment—dusty and dirty from a long ride into town from Vedado, every man sitting his thick-coated and sweaty horse with the ease and unconcern of a cowboy, and yet maintaining strict and careful military alignment. The rumbling guns of two batteries of American light artillery fascinated the people who a few months before had been face to face with the horrors of war. The seven hearses, one of which was said to have cost $9000, loaded with flowers, and decorated with golden angels and crosses and other religious emblems, and accompanied by flunkies in scarlet and gold, some of the men burning torches, made a show that interested the people, who were used to seeing only one gorgeous hearse even at a grand funeral. The simplicity of the funeral car, the lack of ostentation on the part of the American military authorities, the appearance of General Fitzhugh Lee with his staff on horseback, all made a striking contrast with the showy volunteer firemen, who appeared next in line by the hundreds. Most of these firemen had been members of the volunteer soldiery, the bitterest enemies to the Cuban cause—enemies whom even the "Butcher" Weyler seemed to fear and to be unable to control. They marched behind Garcia's body, however, and with their heavy helmets, rubber boots, red shirts, and axes of every description and of forbidding shapes, accomplished the end which seems to be dearest to the heart of the Havana volunteer fireman, namely, securing unusual public attention. They strode with far-reaching steps, and refused to be hurried, although a gap between them and that part of the procession preceding them of nearly a quarter of a mile had been opened. Then came the empty carriages to bring back to town some of those who had walked. There had been so much to look at that it was not strange that the absence of the Cuban soldiers and certain civilians, known as members of the Cuban Military Assembly, had not been noticed generally. At the cemetery the man who was to have delivered the oration was absent, and, to add to the surprise, a squad of American soldiers fired the last salute and an American bugler blew taps. Then most of those present knew that something really was wrong.

Before those who had been in the funeral procession had reached town again it became known that there had been a scene at the funeral. Excitable Cuban officers were gesticulating in cafés about town, and loud denunciations of Governor-General Brooke were heard on all sides. What had General Brooke done? asked many Americans. The Cubans said that he had insulted the Cuban Assembly; that he had permitted his cavalry to drive them from their place in line; that he had been brusque to their committee; that he had caused all Cubans who had any self-respect, and who remembered the treatment of Garcia at Santiago, to leave the procession and to withdraw from any participation in the funeral. They declared that he was a monster, an ingrate, and that if President McKinley did not call him home—well, the President had better watch out. After much ado the Americans got the story out of the Cuban delegates who had withdrawn. They said that they had been assigned to follow directly behind the body of Garcia. There were less than forty of them, but they represented what government the Cuban revolutionary party had been able to form. Havana was always hostile to them, but to have been made the chief mourners in the parade would have given them a political distinction which in the eyes of the impressionable people would have had a tremendous effect. They learned, they said, that General Brooke was to participate in the parade, and the committee had asked them if they would not yield their place in the line to General Brooke as the official representative of the great American people. They said they would, but to General Brooke only, and as a favor. When the procession was formed they fell in behind General Brooke's carriage. They interpreted the order to fall in behind General Brooke literally—behind his physical presence. They were ordered out of there, they said, so as to give way to Brooke's staff, after a committee had gone to the general and asked him if he wished his staff to crowd them out of their places, and he had most rudely said that his staff belonged with him, and with him it should go. According to their story they had swallowed this insult for the sake of Garcia, at whose death-bed in Washington some of them had stood. Then there came a troop of American cavalry, and they drove right up behind the staffs of American generals in the carriages and ordered the Cuban Assembly out of the way. The procession started, and the members of the Assembly filed along on either side of the cavalry, and attempted to drop in between the horsemen and the generals. The cavalrymen drove their horses on the sidewalk, they said, and cut off this flank movement, and so they not only withdrew, but ordered every Cuban soldier out of the procession, and the Cuban soldiers, who numbered fewer than four hundred, had obeyed them. The fact that the Cuban soldiers had obeyed them to a man, they said, was at least some satisfaction, and they were proud of it.

That was the story they told, and that night about nine



CUBAN SOCIETIES PARADING AT GENERAL GARCIA'S FUNERAL.
View down the Prado. Morro Castle in the distance.

o'clock it seemed to have confirmation. An evening newspaper got out an extra, printed only on one side of the paper, purporting to give a full story of the row. It denounced General Brooke fiercely. The newsboys dashed into the cafés, flung their papers right and left, and then collected their money afterwards. In a flash there were hundreds of groups on the sidewalks, in the centre of each of which was a man reading in a loud voice what the extra contained. In less than half an hour the town was in an uproar, and seemed to rock with excitement. The one refrain was that General Brooke must go. The Assembly itself met and ordered an investigation of General Brooke's conduct, with much presumption, and with the intention of ultimately sending a committee to Washington to tell the President that General Brooke's insults could not be tolerated. I have never seen a more excited populace. It seemed as if violence must break out on all sides. It made the Americans angry to hear the President and their representatives in Cuba denounced. After inquiry they soon found that there was gross exaggeration in the stories. Then their wrath arose in sundry places. One American whose ardent loyalty challenged my admiration took a couple of the members of the Cuban Assembly to task in these words:

"How dare you insult the American people who made you free? Do you really want Brooke to go? Then send your committee to Washington and see what you'll get. Do you know what you did to-day? You abandoned on the street the body of your chief—you who were present, some of you at least, at his death-bed—and left it to the American army to give it decent burial. Shame on you! Suppose even that it was true that General Brooke did insult you! Why didn't you endure it for the sake of poor Garcia, and then make a row afterward? You have committed political suicide to-day. Do you suppose that the American people will consent that the government of this island shall be turned over to you, who show such a lack of self-restraint, who act like children? Mark my word! The days of the Cuban Assembly are numbered."

And it was true. I had been favorably impressed with several of the delegates to the Assembly up to that time. Their high-sounding assertions of praise for Americans and profound convictions of their own ability for self-government had made a distinct impression upon me. I still think that many of them were honest, pure-minded, and patriotic. But one could not escape the conviction after that Garcia episode that they were not capable of self-restraint, to say nothing of self-government; and then, when other Cubans, men who had been ardent revolutionists, and whose sincerity could not be doubted, declared, as hundreds of them did, that the Cuban Assembly was chiefly a band of political adventurers out for the spoils and the honors of office, the conviction became irresistible that if self-government was to come for Cuba it must be through some other agency than that of the Cuban Assembly. The soundness of that conviction has since been verified.

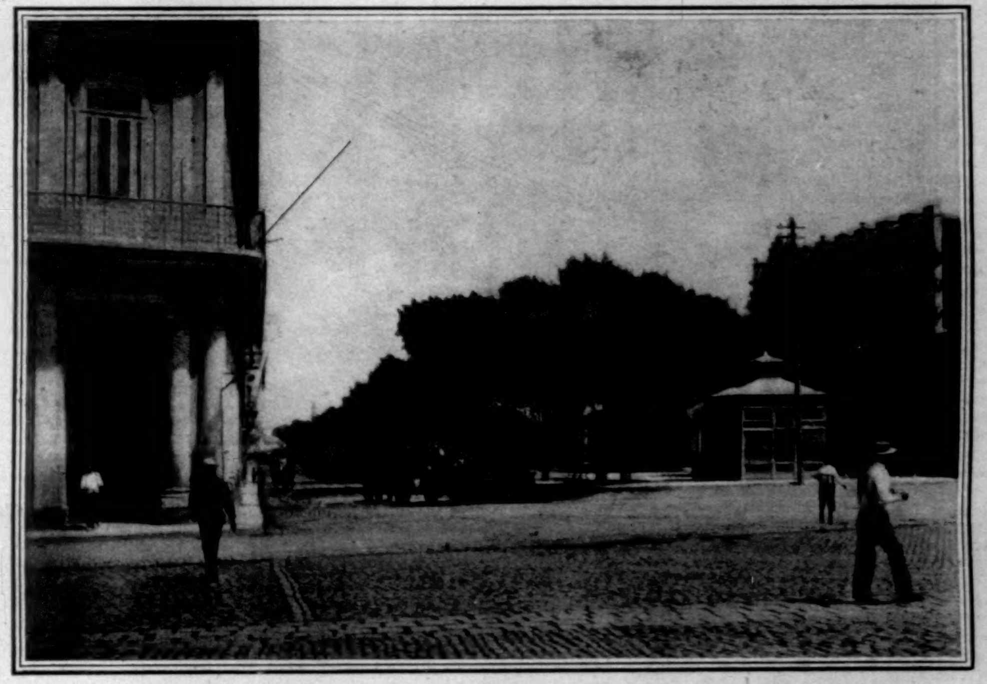
The charges against General Brooke were all untrue. At first I thought that perhaps he might have lacked tact—he has a soldier's bluntness—and that with a word he could have straightened out any difficulty. "If he had only been polite to us," said one of the Cuban leaders, "we should have forgiven all else. The Cuban asks politeness, whether there is sincerity in it or not." To give the facts in the matter, let me tell what General Brooke said to me about it, and although it was said in a conversation not intended for publication, I am sure that the general will not object if I use his words in writing on this subject.

"All arrangements," he said, "had been made for the funeral when I received orders to see that Garcia's remains should have funeral honors befitting his rank. There was nothing for me to do, unless I should overturn all the arrangements, but to offer a soldier's hearse—a caisson—and to notify the committee that I should attend the funeral with my staff. I made no request for any place in the line, and was quite content to go where I was assigned. Just before the procession started I met young Garcia, and asked him, through my interest in him, where his place and that of his relatives was in the line. He said that it was quite some distance behind that of myself and the other representatives of the American army. I said to him: 'That is not right. Your place to-day is directly behind your father's body. That is your place by every right on such an occasion. Send word to the committee that I am unwilling to have you go elsewhere. It is my wish that you, not I, should be next to your father's body.' That was the only positive direction I gave in reference to the funeral. It was obeyed. I was sitting in my carriage, shielded from the sun as much as possible, because I was not feeling well, and General Chaffee was with me. A man who looked as if he might be a committee-man came to the carriage, and asked me if I wanted my escort to go directly behind me. 'I have no escort,' I said. He asked me if it was my wish that my staff should go with me, and I said it was, because that was the proper place, and the man went away. He did not tell me who he was or why he asked. He gave me no hint at all of any difficulty, and I knew nothing of any dissatisfaction until it was all over. I saw the Cuban soldiers leaving the procession, but inasmuch as I was not in charge in any sense, and was only a guest, I made no effort to find out the cause. It did not occur to me to investigate the reason for any move made in the procession, and why should it?"

The cavalrymen behind General Brooke were an escort, it was said, to General Lee, who, with his staff, rode last in the assignment of the American officers, and did not seem to bother himself about questions of precedence. His appearance even at a funeral was the occasion of a demonstration such as stirred one's blood. He was not far behind the coffin, and he made an effort not to notice the cries and shouts of "Lee!" "Lee!" "Lee!" but the dignified and constrained short bows that he made finally simply endeared him the more to the populace. It was a revelation to the newly arrived Americans of the wonderful hold General Lee has on the affections of the masses in Havana. The people could not restrain their shouts even at Garcia's funeral. No one else was cheered.

Of course the feeling against General Brooke ended in smoke. In less than four days the same Cuban Assembly passed a vote of thanks to him for his part in the Garcia funeral, and for the honors paid to Garcia. He also received letters that if printed would have caused surprise at the fickleness of that body which presumed to demand that it be allowed to govern the island of Cuba in the name of the people.

Thus ended an exciting and important incident in the unfolding of new events for Cuba. Writing at this day, as I recall the funeral, three living figures stand out in memory. One was a girl about seventeen years old, marching alone in the procession. Her gown was of broad blue and white stripes. Her bodice was of red with a large white star on her chest. On her head was a Liberty cap made of the Cuban colors. She typified Cuban hopes and national aspirations. Another figure was that of a little boy, not more than eight years old. He was in the uniform of a Cuban officer, and he swung a deadly machete with a fierceness of mien that showed that the war fever was in the blood of the children, indicative of the condition of affairs to be expected in the future. The other figure was Fitzhugh Lee, the popular idol of the people, to whom, as a living embodiment of American sentiment, the gratitude of a freed people went out.



THE PRADO, HAVANA'S GREAT SHOW STREET—THE SCENE OF THE CARNIVAL.

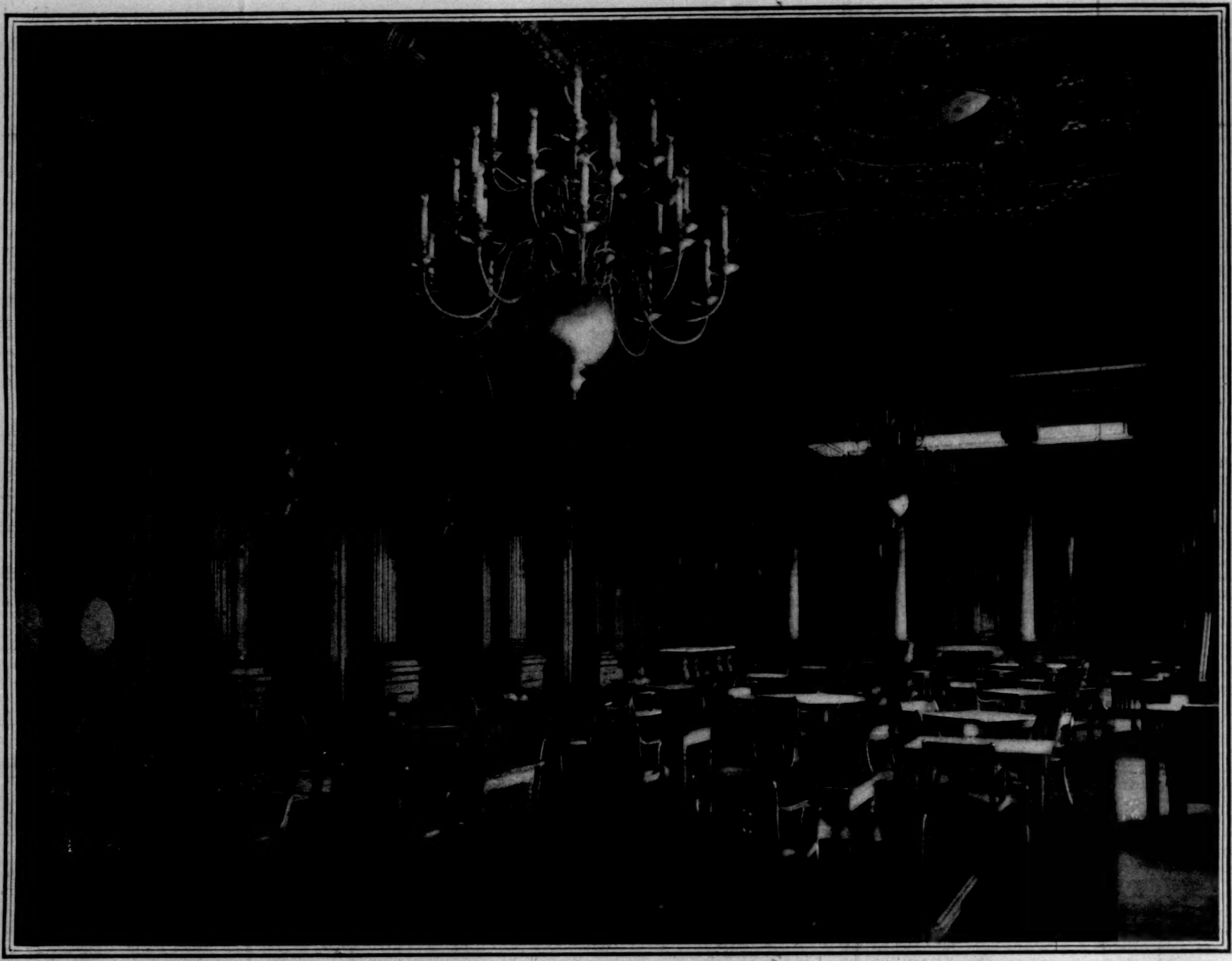
Then came the carnival. The flags that had been at half-mast for Garcia were raised to tops of poles, and the emblems of mourning were removed bright and early. Havana, still greatly excited, did not seem to know whether there would be any carnival. The condition of the people was hysterical rather than joyous. The sky was overcast, and in the afternoon a few raindrops fell. By three o'clock the only sign of a carnival was a long row of chairs for rent placed along the promenade of the Prado. About four o'clock a child of four, looking as if she might be Mrs. Tom Thumb over again, escorted by her proud father and dressed in a gown that had a long sweeping train, walked down the Prado promenade, flirting her fan vigorously and talking vivaciously as she bent her little head with its powdered hair from right to left. That was a sign that there was going to be some kind of a carnival. Then came a United States army wagon loaded with the witnesses to a murder committed the night before. An American officer driving a tandem next appeared on the street. Soon a dog-cart containing two masked women drove down the Prado, and disappeared, as if ashamed at the lonely show it made. Then there came a wagon drawn by two mules in tandem. The wagon was full of laughing children. The chairs along the street were now filled, and the promenade was almost crowded. The American sentries looked on with curious interest as they kept up their slow deliberate step of patrol. Soon private carriages began to appear. The bridles of the horses were decorated with red, white, and blue rosettes, the first significant hint of the new order of things in Havana. Smart Cuban horsemen on beautiful ponies appeared here and there, and then dashed away on side streets. It was evident that Havana wanted to have a carnival, and had sent out advance-scouts to see if any one was coming out.

The decision was favorable, and after half past four o'clock the carriages were seen to be coming toward the famous street of Havana in throngs. All the balconies were crowded, and in front of the Sport Club and the United States Club and a saloon down at the foot of the street, where the drivers and riders turned, there were groups of men and boys, whose expressions told that there was mischief afoot. A girl in white drove a beautiful high-stepper all alone. A spirited team of bays, driven by a woman who was proud of her skill, but whose husband sat on a back seat ready to seize the reins, made a fine figure dashing up and down. Here and there little streamers of paper trailed out behind in tangled confusion as the carriages sped along. The dignified people of the town were out in vehicles that had been stored away since the war began, and entire families in this way made the circuit of the Prado several times. All the women and girls had their hair powdered and wore their prettiest summer gowns. The men sat with them as if they were out simply to protect the gentler sex. There was no disorder, and it looked as if the affair was to be simply a driving and riding show. The smart horseback riding of the young Cuban men was a pretty spectacle of itself. Occasionally a bonbon would be thrown from a balcony, and there were recognitions and bows on all sides. It was a very sedate affair. The war had sobered Havana.

But at five o'clock the street had become almost furious with the whirl of carriages and horsemen. The horses were steaming and flecked with foam. Some of the men who were riding in victorias began to bend over to look after certain mysterious packages in their vehicles. One of them gave a peculiar look as he rounded the end of the Prado, and forthwith twenty young men arose from their chairs in front of a saloon and brown-paper missiles were hurled at the man in the carriage. They went straight to the mark, broke over him, and a great white cloud filled the air, and shouts of laughter were heard hundreds of yards away. The bombardment had begun. It was mimic war. The clouds of flying flour were the smoke of battle. A commotion arose in front of the Sport Club. Hundreds ran toward it. Half a dozen young horsemen were seen to be approaching. They halted; then they spurred their horses on at racing speed, bent low in their saddles, and were pelted with flour as they rushed by like the wind. Another bombardment broke out at the United States Club. Havana was itself again. The floating particles of flour filled the air and whitened the clothes of the spectators. The dignified families drove off the street to avoid trouble. The bombardments increased, and soon the entire street was filled with a shrieking, laughing populace enjoying the sight of horsemen and carriages tearing madly up and down, and men on horseback and in carriages covered from head to foot with splashes of flour. The flying ribbons swirled in confusion behind the carriages, and daring children dashed out to catch them, only to be rescued by soldiers or pedestrians from danger and death, as the excited horses rushed by, practically beyond control. Volley after volley, single shot after single shot, went whirling through the air, and now and then the hurlers of the ammunition had to wait for the atmosphere to clear so as to see the flying targets. Men in the carriages began to stand up and pelt one another as they raced side by side. It was no carnival of flowers, such as Nice presents, nor of floats, such as New Orleans exhibits with pride. It was a carnival of the most boisterous kind of hilarity, with confetti and bonbons soon exhausted, and with packages of flour as the only missiles in a city where there were thousands of persons who would have starved except for the care and generosity of the American government. And the strangest part of it all was to see the American army sentinels marching sedately up and down with their rifles on their shoulders, for the first time part of a unique show in a foreign land.

At 5.15 o'clock the fun ran riot. The horses were becoming tired. They and their drivers and riders had become transformed into white apparitions. Even the leaves of the trees became powdered, and then the people, their sides aching with laughter, began to go home. Raindrops pattered down upon the throng, electric lights began to splutter, the long beams of the Morro Castle light shot up the Prado and out to sea, and then, as the noise and confusion lessened, the strains of a band were heard. The music came from a stately building at the foot of the Prado, and the players, dressed in white uniforms, were in the corridor behind stout iron bars, but close to the street, and in full view of the pedestrians. It was the convict band in the state prison that was playing, and its members were in high feather as they realized that they too were part of the show. No music was ever gayer than that which they played, and as its strains floated out upon the street, and as little Mrs. Tom Thumb swished her way along, and all the other pedestrians turned to go home, and the drivers and riders began to thin out, with the flickering lights dancing upon the heads and faces of pinched and starving people and ghostlike participants in the activities of the hilarious carnival of half an hour, the Americans who had been out to see the show shook their heads in amazement, while the imperturbable sentries resumed their duty of keeping the peace in a foreign land. Garcia had been buried only twenty-four hours before, the fever of riot had been in the blood of the masses, but the carnival had come, and Havana had forgotten all about bloodshed and mutiny, and in the evening came out to see the children play ring-around-a-rosy in the public square, to the music of a local band, and beneath the shadow of the statue of Queen Isabella, since removed.

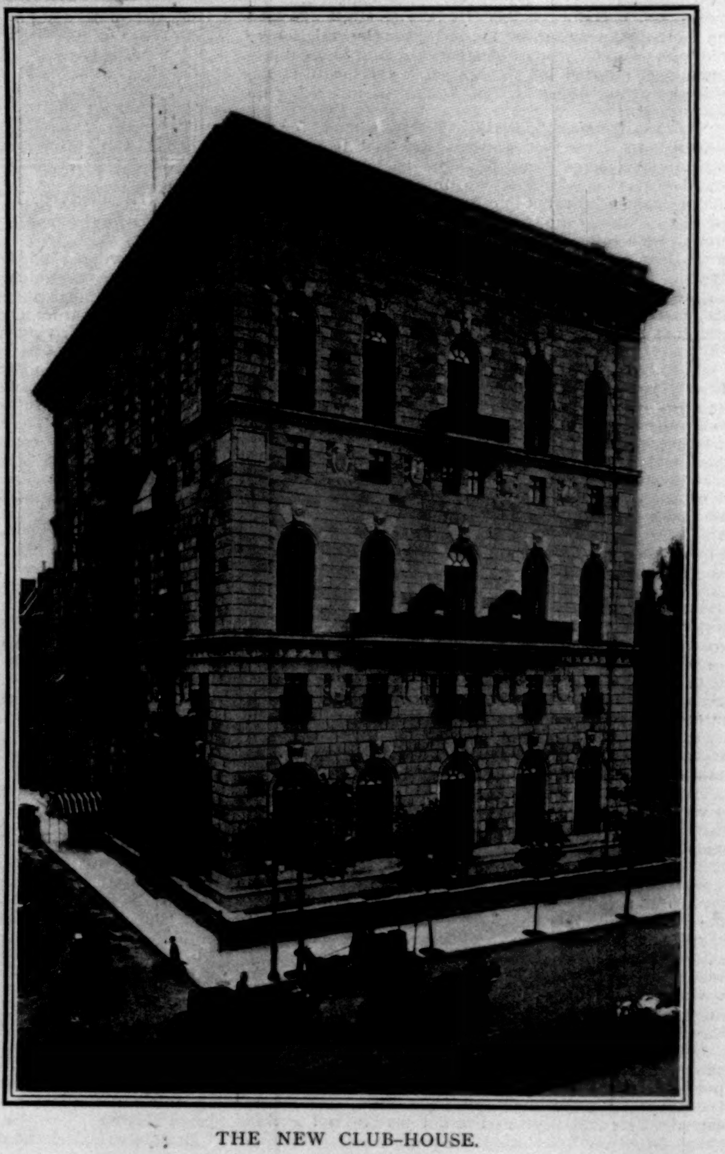
Havana grave and gay! Havana mutinous and hilarious! Havana always hysterical!



THE BANQUET-HALL, OR GENERAL DINING-ROOM.

THE GENERAL LOUNGING-ROOM.

THE LIBRARY.



THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE.

THE NEW HOME OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, NEW YORK.

Photographs taken especially for "Harper's Weekly."

The University Club

THE history of the University Club was outlined in the WEEKLY dated May 8, 1897; its national importance, also, as a centre for college men from all parts of the country, and a place of meeting for men of all colleges, has been already emphasized. In connection with the installation of the club in its new building, it seems opportune to note fresh indications of vitality in the policy to which we referred two years ago. Mr. James W. Alexander, president of the club, recently expressed his ambition for the development of the work of the club, saying that it should more than ever before seek to maintain close relations with the universities of the country and exert an influence in educational matters; that it should elect to honorary membership leading *savants* of the world—perhaps one each year—and that it should entertain in its new home distinguished guests of the nation.

Our present purpose is to convey a just idea, with the aid of the illustrations on the opposite page, of the chief features of the interior arrangement and decoration.

The interior as well as the exterior has been planned to express the three leading uses of the club. On the first floor are "living" rooms—the lounging-room, the central hall, and the café—and of course the office, reception and cloak rooms. The second floor is entirely devoted to the library and such ancillary apartments as the magazine-room, writing-room, and (remote as possible from the latter) a room in which conversation is permitted. On the third floor is the banquet-hall or main dining-room, strangers' dining-room, and the council-room, which will also be used for state dinners.

Each of these three great stories is twenty-five feet in height, while the banquet-hall, by encroaching upon the floor above, secures an altitude of thirty-four feet. Between the large divisions are mezzanine stories, about ten feet high, devoted to bedrooms, and each of the twenty-five-foot stories is again subdivided at the back of the building to provide for smaller and less important rooms, such as card and smoking rooms, superintendent's apartments, servants' quarters, etc. Immediately under the roof, in a story lighted by little windows which look out upon the world from the shadow of the great overhanging cornice, are private dining-rooms, of which three are so arranged that they can be thrown together, to provide for the comfortable entertainment of a hundred persons or more, on the occasion of college feasts. Above all is an *azotea* of such admirable proportions and commanding such a superb view that it is in imminent danger of being called the "Roof Garden." But not even that name can prevent one from seeing, on the north, Central Park's green acres, and the white domes of Columbia and Grant's Tomb beyond, and, still beyond, the Palisades; nor can that name make a poor commonplace of the little houses and dwarfed churches of a narrow Fifth Avenue, as one turns southward to overlook shrunken miles of the city's buildings, tapering to a point, which New York Harbor defines with a mere band of color.

A pavilion in the centre of this *azotea* is for the benefit of guests who need a partial shelter, while the larger portion of the flat roof is entirely open. During the summer months one will have his choice of dining in the fresh air or in the rooms which have been mentioned, and the kitchen occupies a central position between the places where the various meals will be served—a half-flight above the large dining-room and one full flight below the roof. Flowers and shrubs will be used to decorate the *azotea*, and vines will be trained on the lattice-work which surrounds the pavilion.

Passing rapidly from one extreme to the other, with a sense of incongruity which we make no effort to conceal from the reader, we give our attention to several characteristic features in the basement. Arrangements are found here by which perfect ventilation may be secured even independently of the windows, large and small; for here are placed three great blowers, which force in fresh air and distribute it through all the more or less honorable parts of the building, while electric fans on the roof are not less serviceable in exhausting the foul air. In the basement are also bowling-alleys and shuffleboards, and a completely equipped Roman bath, with its hot-air room and steam-room, and a plunge twenty feet wide by fifty feet long, and from five to seven feet deep.

Now that we have indicated the uses of the rooms, it is decidedly worth while to retrace our steps in order to note details of the decoration—the work of sincere artists, in which, as in a well-written book, every line has meaning.

From the glare of the street one comes almost immediately into the colonnade of Irish marble, which we have referred to as the central hall. The monoliths of this beautiful Connemara stone, in which shades of green are varied and vivid as in spring foliage, weigh about six tons each. The bases of the columns are of white Norwegian marble; the capitals of bronze. The floor of this hall is of white Italian marble, with inlaid colored panels. The walls are of crushed marble—this material being made into a paste and applied like plaster or cement—decorated with panels of three colors, and polished *ad unguem*. Over the doors leading to the office and the lounging-room Roman eagles of antique design may seem to blend suggestions of modern patriotism and of that part of the learning of the ancient world which contains the story of a famous experiment in imperialism; it is more in point, however, to say that this design accords with the Roman-Doric style of the hall. The entablature is distinctly Roman. The great lounging-room extends along the full length of the Fifth Avenue front—one hundred feet—and is forty feet wide and twenty-five feet high. Here the doorways and the fireplaces at each end are of Numidian marble; the wood-work of Italian walnut; the walls hung with old-red velvet. In style this room belongs to the Italian Renaissance, the gorgeous ceiling being a typical product. An effective contrast is offered by the café, a pretty example of the style of Louis XVI.

On the library floor the central hall is Pompeiian, and one finds himself confronted by statues of Cæsar Augustus and Demosthenes under an Ionic colonnade. The library proper is divided into alcoves, stairways in the piers which form these alcoves leading to a gallery, and thus giving access to books on the higher shelves, perhaps. At any rate, provision has been made, and wisely, for twice as many volumes as the club now owns; and if the hopes of the literary contingent are realized, this collection of books, already large, will become truly admirable. In each alcove are a table and an electric lamp, while two smaller rooms at the ends of the library will be used as studies. Including the studies, this room extends along the full width of the building on the Fifty-fourth Street side, and is one hundred and forty feet by thirty-four. Its expression must of course depend upon features which are not yet installed—even upon the arrangement of the books and the complete decoration of the walls; but the effect at present is uncommonly agreeable, and the student's natural preference in regard to a library—that each section of it should have individuality and distinction—will, we assume, be consulted. The division of the room into alcoves or bays is the first step; and the idea is accentuated in the ceiling, for over each bay is a groined arch, and in the centre a dome. Communicating with the library is the magazine-room, in which periodicals will be kept. Here, as in all of the public rooms, one is aware of the architects' studious regard for the propriety, as well as the beauty and originality, of the design. The ceiling in this case is what is technically known as a barrel-vault with penetrations. Not a small element in the sense of variety, the surprise and interest, which enhance one's enjoyment, may be ascribed to the treatment of the ceilings. The walls of the magazine-room, and, indeed, those of the central halls on the two lower floors, are painted by Elmer E. Garnsey, well known for his work on the Congressional Library and the World's Fair buildings. In the conversation-room, the only one in this part of the building not to quiet vowed, the walls are hung in damask and the wood-work is of English oak.

On the library mezzanine is the pipe-room, a square chamber containing a fireplace faced with Dutch tiles. Pipe-smoking was not allowed in the former club-house; this snug corner was secured as a concession to younger members when the plans for removal were under discussion, and if it be regarded as an entering-wedge, it is apparently driven into an obdurate sort of wood, for the pipe-room is lined with oak. The card-room is on the same floor.

The central hall on the dining-story is finished in dark oak; the floor is of Verona marble, with a border of Istrian stone. From this hall we pass into a room which is directly above the library and of the same size, except that it is thirty-four feet high. Its style is English classic, of the period of Sir Christopher Wren. The floor is of Istrian stone; from floor to ceiling the walls are of English oak, panelled and carved, and the carving is beautifully modelled. The ceiling is gilt, and its flat panels will eventually be filled with mural decoration. A musicians' gallery is in the upper part of the room, above the entrance; below this gallery are four brackets, which are noteworthy as being several hundred years old and coming from an Italian palace. It has been suggested that the admirable height of the room, its floor paved with stone, its walls covered with rich carving, make a baronial dining-hall of it; but there is no baronial hall from the windows of which one looks down upon the roofs of Fifth Avenue mansions! A strangers' dining-room is connected with this and with the central hall; its wood-work is of mahogany, and its walls are covered with green buckram. Next beyond this, on the same side of the building, is the council-room, where wood-work of Italian walnut extends upward to one of the most interesting ceilings.

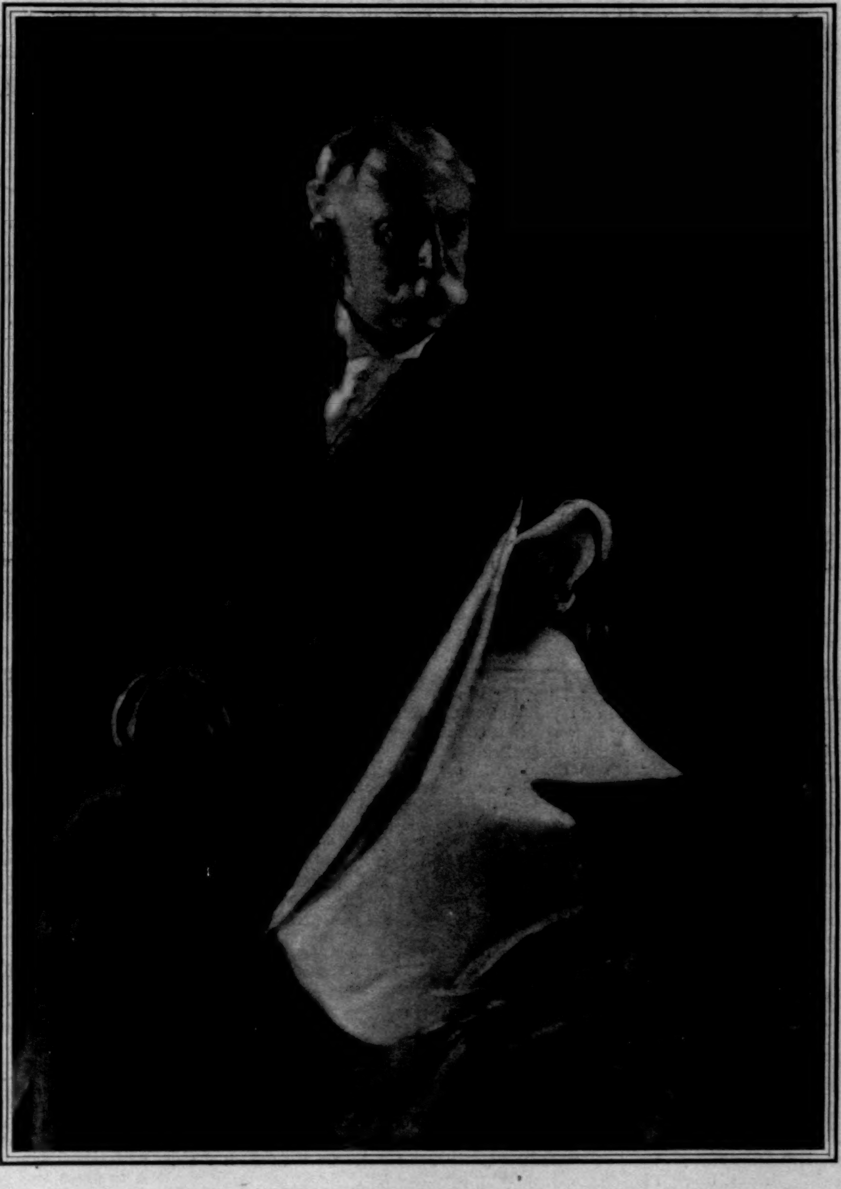
The stairs in this building are treated as a matter of comparatively small importance, and given an inconspicuous location. There are two high-speed passenger-elevators, and one for the servants' use.

We have spoken of the significance of the exterior decoration. Before bringing our description to an end we should make this reference a little plainer.

The key-stones of the large windows of the first story—the "living" floor—represent mythological figures and characters, such as Pan and the nymphs. On the library-floor key-stones the heads of poets and philosophers appear—Homer, Dante, Goethe, Pindar, and Shakspere being on the Fifth Avenue front. At the top of the dining-floor tier of windows are selected heads of animals—the lion, tiger, bear, bull, goat, boar; and the elephant above the central window of each façade, his trunk embracing the key-stone. On the mezzanine stories, where the bedrooms are located, seals of the colleges, carved in stone, alternate with windows. There are eighteen of these seals, representing the following institutions: Williams, the Navy, the Army, Brown, Princeton, Harvard and Yale (these two on opposite sides of the entrance), Columbia, Cornell, Hamilton, Dartmouth, Trinity, Pennsylvania, University of New York, College of the City of New York, Union, Amherst, and Rutgers. The seals were modelled by Daniel C. French, the heads over the windows by Niehaus. It may be remembered that the Navy's seal was invented for this use.

The material of which the façades of the building are constructed is Milford granite, which is laid in courses and rusticated. Little balconies outside the first tier of bedroom windows are to be constantly filled with flowers and shrubs. Conspicuous on the larger balconies are heavy railings of real bronze. One of the architectural features is the stone cornice, which projects six feet over the line of the wall, and is entirely self-supporting. It may be conceded that most buildings of stone and iron rely upon the iron as their mainstay, hanging weights of stone from iron brackets, etc. This building is said to have the distinction of being so substantially constructed that if the structural portion that is made of iron were withdrawn, its stability would not be impaired.

The problems presented to the club's officers, and to the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, were so novel in character that the successful completion of the work is a subject for hearty congratulation, and fresh proof of the wisdom of intrusting matters of this kind to men who have shown marked ability in the management of great private enterprises. Especially to the members of the Building Committee and the late president of the club, Mr. James W. Alexander—whose recent advancement to the presidency of the Equitable Life Assurance Society is a notable illustration of the practical application of civil service principles to business affairs—this recognition will be extended.



JAMES W. ALEXANDER, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB 1891–1899.
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. Hardy is much interested in the reported infatuation of Prince Edric of Prussia with a peasant girl of Luxembourg. On the through express from Paris to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger of much the same age and build, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian army officer named Stanerl von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own, though advising him not to show it. Hardy creates a commotion at the station, and is arrested. Though protesting his identity, he is mistaken for von Elbe, and while treated with the greatest consideration, is placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, and believing that she is speaking to von Elbe, professes her love for him, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She leaves with him a ring as a keepsake.

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

Containing a revelation, concerning two people, which I had no business to hear.

SNUGLY tucked away in bed, I drew the sheets up above my chin, until nothing of me remained visible except my eyes. I heard knocking at the door, but paid no heed. Whoever was outside, knocking at my door, had come, no doubt, to pump me concerning Stanerl von Elbe—that I felt certain of—and I had already made up my mind to remain silent. "For," thought I, "I have done enough damage to my friend the enemy, and incidentally to the young lady in the scarlet hood, and I'm sorry I found it impossible to mind my own business."

About this time the door opened. Looking over the edge of the sheets, I saw Captain Giroux enter the room, carrying a lighted lamp, followed closely by two strangers.

Giroux tiptoed towards my toilet table, set the lamp there, looked at the bed where I lay, caught my eye, and sidled forward with a deprecating gesture.

"They have come, monsieur," he said, apparently ill at ease; "they have arrived this moment from the frontier."

"It's very thoughtful of them," I replied, "and you can send them back again at your convenience. Am I going to get any sleep, or not?"

"Monsieur," protested Giroux, casting appealing glances at the two strangers, who, hats in hand, stood at the door, "I cannot refuse to receive these gentlemen."

"I can," I said. "I'm going to sleep."

"But," stammered Giroux, hopping from one foot to the other in his anxiety, "this is Herr Wiepert, and this is Herr Vossburg."

"Don't know 'em," I said, shortly.

Wiepert, the tall, red-eyed fellow, fixed a pair of sepulchral eyes on me and wagged his head.

"By the Emperor's orders," he said, entering the room.

The other, Vossburg, a living caricature of an untidy Santa Claus, began to titter in a high cracked voice, repeating, "Yes, yes, by the Emperor's orders—te-he! te-he-he!"

Wiepert, holding his black-banded hat like an undertaker who assists at the last sad rites, glided solemnly towards Giroux, who immediately backed away. Wiepert, however, cornered him, and I heard them muttering, and fumbling with a batch of papers, most of which bore red, black, and gold ribbons and seals. And all the while old Father Christmas, or Vossburg, kept his pale, red-rimmed, watery eyes on me.

At first glance his white hair and silvery beard, his ruddy round cheeks and symmetrical features, had impressed me as hale, kindly old age always impresses the young. The next second I was conscious of something sinister in the old man's face, something uncanny, almost repulsive. His frowzy hair and beard were not clean white; they were unpleasantly fluffy, like chemically treated wool on toy sheep. His eyes were slitted and sly; he peered with them furtively. His ruddy cheeks, too, were all streaked and distended with purple veins, and his stocky body seemed too puffy for his thin short legs.

Looking up at him, I said, without emotion, "I don't like you, Father Christmas—no, I don't, and I wouldn't trust you with a button; so you had much better go away."

He tittered in his thin, cracked voice, but said nothing; and presently Wiepert stole noiselessly to my bedside, bearing a bundle of documents as though he carried a floral offering to a tomb.

"By the Emperor's orders," he said again, dropping his black eyes to the bundle of papers, then stealing a reproachful glance at me.

"By whose orders?" I asked.

"By the Emperor's orders," he repeated. "Your Highness is under arrest."

I lay perfectly still.

"Your Highness is doubtless aware," continued Wiepert, "that his Majesty knows all. His Majesty the Emperor therefore summons your Highness to Berlin without delay."

After a moment I said, "For whom do you take me?"

"For Herr Stanerl von Elbe, if your Highness insists," said Wiepert, cringing low, and preparing to further abase himself.

"I don't insist," I said; "tell me who else I am."

Vossburg leered at me and chuckled. Wiepert, at first confused, recovered his composure, and unrolling Stanerl's passport, read the description of the bearer, without comment.

"Well," I said, patiently, "whom does that passport describe?"

"It appears to describe your Highness," quavered old Vossburg, his purple-veined cheeks swelling with suppressed chuckles.

"Tell me for whom you take me," I said, sharply, "and hurry about it, or I shall turn over and go to sleep!"

Wiepert, much disconcerted, looked at Giroux; then, bending close to my pillow, muttered,

"We all know you to be his Highness Prince Edric of Prussia."

For ten minutes I lay there in speechless astonishment, covered to the eyes with the bedclothes, trying to comprehend clearly what was best to do. That I had placed Stanerl von Elbe, or rather Prince Edric of Prussia, in a most embarrassing position was clear enough. Who, then, could the young lady in the scarlet hood have been? Surely not the beautiful Luxembourg peasant girl, for whom, people said, Prince Edric had honorable intentions, notwithstanding the grief that such intentions caused the German Emperor. So, after all, my highwayman was an honorable man, probably driven to desperation by the telegram I saw him reading, warning him he was to be arrested on reaching Luxembourg.

If he had only told me why he needed my passport I would have given it to him gladly. More than that, I would have openly courted arrest to give him a chance to get out of the city.

Now I had succeeded in poking my nose into matters that did not concern me; I had impersonated Prince Edric, and kissed a young lady in a scarlet hood and told her I adored her—a pleasant prospect for Prince Edric.

Out of the corner of one eye I watched Wiepert and old Vossburg. They were nosing about the room, peeping at my trunk and satchel, while Captain Giroux paced to and fro before the door, arms folded, head bent.

"Captain!" I called.

He started, then came to the bedside like a guilty hound.

"So you arrested me and held me for the Emperor's bailiffs?"

"Highness!" he protested.

"Don't be frightened; wait until I give you reason for fright. Who was that lady who came here an hour ago?"

Giroux's eyes opened appealingly.

"Tell me," I repeated.

"Your Highness knows as well as I."

"Never mind! Tell me."

But Giroux, casting a horrified glance at me, fled to the corridor, where he alternately stood on either foot and peeped through the door at intervals.

"I can't stand this," I muttered, and I sat up in bed and turned my face full on Wiepert and Vossburg.

"Am I Prince Edric of Prussia?" I demanded.

The effect on old Vossburg was most unpleasant; he squeaked like a startled rat. As for Wiepert, he gaped at me, opening and shutting his lantern-jaws, until I hurled a pillow at him.

"Who are you?" stammered Wiepert, too amazed to avoid the pillow.

"None of your business," I said. "Take that evil old man and go, or I'll throw you out."

I should not have taken such a tone. I understood it a moment later, for old Vossburg began to chatter and mouth and point at me, and Wiepert scowled until his dull eyes were almost buried under his swarthy brows.

"Where is the Prince?" he said, harshly.

"Go to the devil!" I retorted. The next second he seized me, and I struggled out of bed, and dealt him a sharp, clean blow that made him howl. Then, to my amazement, old Vossburg caught me in a grip of steel. In vain I writhed and wriggled, not wishing to do violence to an old man. But his age was a deception; his thin, unsteady legs grew rigid as iron, and his trembling, puffy hands held me like vises.

"One movement and I'll throttle you," he snarled. His sheep's-wool hair and beard, his purple face, his moist, sly eyes—his whole loathsome mask of aged benignity suddenly became horrible to me. I twisted and tugged, striving to escape from his repulsive grip; I could not budge an inch.

Giroux, who had run into the room, danced about us, wringing his hands. Wiepert, instantaneously decorated with a promising black eye, moaned and ground his teeth.

"Let go!" I panted, shrinking from the old creature; "let go, or I'll forget your age, I tell you!"

His answer was to hurl me bodily against the wall—a most unpleasant sensation, but welcome because it freed me from his revolting proximity.

"As for you," quavered Vossburg, mouthing and grimacing at Giroux, who stood petrified by the bed—"as for you, you thick-headed Luxembourg ass, you'll hear from the Emperor, and from your own sovereign too. You've let the Prince escape and arrested his Yankee valet. You fool!"

"By Heaven!" I said, "if you were not the old bag of wool and bones that you are, I'd take a stick to you as substitute for your Emperor."

"Lèse-majesté!" bawled Wiepert. "Arrest him! hold him—"

I picked up a riding-crop and started for Wiepert, who promptly dodged behind old Vossburg.

The impossibility of raising a hand against Vossburg's discolored white head, the knowledge that those puffy purple hands and palsied legs concealed almost superhuman strength, left me helpless. He was more than a match for me; yet, without affectation, I say now that had it not been for his age I should have sailed into all three of them without reflection.

He leered at me, and laughed his cracked falsetto laugh.

"The Yankee valet—te-he! te-he!—the Emperor shall know that too—yes, yes, the Emperor!"

I said, more calmly, "If you want to avoid trouble, you had better leave this room, otherwise the American minister might make inquiries why a couple of German flunkies should cause an American officer to be arrested by a Luxembourg policeman."

Wiepert, whose eye was already a splendid study in thunder-cloud tints, shook his fist at me, then at Giroux, and left the room. Old Vossburg crinkled his hands up like claws, and fairly pranced with fury.

"Very well," he squealed, "we shall know what to do—the Emperor will know what is to be done. Captain Giroux, you are responsible for the escape of his Highness. You will hear of this later—te-he!—yes, later—all in good time, Captain Giroux."

And suddenly becoming an old man again, he tottered away, laughing his shrill, cracked, treble laugh, until the last echo died away far down the whitewashed corridor.

I looked uncertainly at Giroux. He returned my gaze, at first blankly; then fury seized him, and he drew his sabre and shook it in my face.

"How dared you—how dared you impersonate the Prince?" he shouted, choking with passion and fright.

"You fool!" I said, "didn't I tell you I was not von Elbe?"

"Do you know who the lady was?" he howled, threatening me with his sabre. "I'm ruined! Do you know who she was, you crazy Yankee?"

"No," I said, keeping clear of his sabre; "and if you touch me with your sword I'll settle you, once and for all, you little Belgian manikin!"

After a few moments' passionate dancing, he sheathed his sabre and began to weep; tears trickled over his gold-laced tunic; he wiped his eyes on a gold-banded cuff.

"It's your own fault," said I, sitting down on the edge of the bed; "I'm sorry I interviewed the young lady in the scarlet hood; I'm sorry I kissed her—"

"The Duchess!" he shrieked, bounding up. "You kissed the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg!"

"The Duchess!" I gasped.

He tried to scream; terror paralyzed him.

"Idiot!" I said, "I kissed my hand to her. Do you understand your native tongue? If you do, hold it."

Nevertheless the enormity of my offence—for I had kissed the Duchess again when she gave me the ring—made me a trifle light-headed.

"Here," said I to myself, "ends my promising diplomatic career."

Meanwhile Giroux held his head in one hand and beat it with the other at intervals.

I leaned over and shook him by both shoulders, until his spurs jingled.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS AMUSING WORLD!

Being a further history of my interference with other people's business, and other people's interference with mine, and incidentally treating of an absurdly logical paradox.

"CAPTAIN GIROUX," I said, "when you have finished your contortions I'll have a word or two with you."

At first he was too panic-stricken to listen, but I finally quieted him, shoved him into an arm-chair, and placed a cigar in his mouth. He sucked it spasmodically, and rolled his yellow, frightened eyes at me.

I said: "This is a very serious matter. You have arrested and imprisoned an officer of the United States army, which is a much more dreadful thing than you suspect—a great deal more dreadful, for example, than my kissing the Grand-Duchess Eulalie of Luxembourg—had I done so."

He began to moan again, but I found a match, and lighted the cigar in his mouth, which stopped him.

He seemed so helpless, so unreal, so tinselled and irresponsible, that I felt like saying, "You have been a very, very naughty policeman; I've half a mind to put you back in the closet."

"You see," I continued, "I know you are sorry now, and although I am inclined to be angry, it is possible that I might forgive you."

"That isn't the trouble," he said, "but if the Duchess finds out—"

"The Duchess won't find out," I interrupted, sharply, "unless you tell her."

He shook his head and emitted sounds.

"Of course," I said, "you could ruin me by confessing to the Duchess."

"I won't ruin you if you don't ruin me," he muttered; "but I know how men boast about women."

"Imbecile!" I said, frowning, "do honorable men ever discuss women?"

"They do in Germany," he said, sulkily; "there's Count Herbert—"

"There is a difference," said I, "between tweedledee and tweedledum, contemporary opinion to the contrary. You know the proverb—'Prussians are connecting links between Frenchmen and human beings.'"

Apparently my suggestion reassured him; he sucked comfort out of his cigar, and eyed me more hopefully.

"Now," said I, "sleep, for me, is out of the question. It is morning, anyway. I am going to dress; you are going to have my luggage sent to the United States Legation. After that, if you and your absurd toy-shop of a country behave yourselves, nobody will be the wiser for this night's misunderstanding. But," I continued, "if you or your nicely varnished brother toys interfere with me again, I'll stir up my government, and then you'll all certainly go to smash."

He seemed considerably affected; I saw he was preparing to use his gilt-slashed cuff.

"Don't you dare weep again!" I added, hastily; "there is going to be no trouble if you mind your own affairs with half the enthusiasm that you have minded mine."

"What shall I say when the Duchess questions me?" he asked, in a shaky voice.

"About what?"

"About my prisoner."

"You'll lie," I said. "Lying is disgusting," I continued, "except among diplomats. This is certainly a diplomatic incident. However, you may do the lying."

"I don't mind," he said, innocently; "only I can't invent any way for you to escape."

"Can't you? Well, I'll manage that. There's no liar like a truthful man, believe me. See! it's daylight already. Go and get me a cab, and send my luggage to the Legation while I am dressing. When you come back I'll show you how to lie truthfully, my friend."

He went away, trusting implicitly in my capacity for untruthfulness, and I started to shave, turning out the electric lights, for daylight already flooded the room, and I could see perfectly in the mirror. While I was shaving, two railway porters came and took away my luggage.

I finished my toilet, dressed carefully, turned down the bed-linen, selected a nice strong pair of sheets, and deliberately ripped them into long strips. When I had fashioned some home-made ropes out of these, I sat down again on the edge of the bed and waited for Captain Giroux.

He came presently to announce the cab. I rose, displaying the ropes.

"I know," he said, while a pale flicker of intelligence lighted up his foolish face. "You're going to tie them to the bars at the window. That will be funny."

"Nonsense!" I said. "Nobody would believe I squeezed through those iron bars. I know something funnier yet. Come here."

"What are you going to do?" he asked, uneasily.

I started for him; he ran, but I caught him before he reached the door. Then, despite kicks and screams, I tied the Préfet of Police to the bedpost, and swathed him like a mummy from head to toe.

"Now," I said, "they will believe you when you tell them I did this. It will be true, also, which ought to console you."

He made a great many kinds of noise. I told him he was ungrateful.

"I am a man," said I, "celebrated for the delicacy of my disposition, and if you will stop bleating long enough I will place a cigar in your mouth and light it."

He did not appear to care for it; but I placed the cigar in his mouth, lighted it, thanked him for my night's lodging, and went out, cheerfully, slamming the iron door.

Downstairs, under a gray stone archway, I found the cab. Some policemen aided me to mount. I thanked them, and gave the address:

"American Legation, No. 7 Boulevard du Viaduc. Drive fast."

The sun was well up as we crossed the railroad tracks and came out behind the station. I drew a deep breath of clean sweet air—oh, how sweet it blew from the meadows where the cattle stood, chest-deep, in tall Belgian clover, purple and carmine, silvered by the dew!

Then, as we rounded the freight-sheds, the city burst into view—Luxembourg, terraced, and girdled with white walls, a fragment of the Middle Ages swimming in pale sunshine; an unreal city in commonplace, wearied Europe; a mirage of romance in a sordid world.

There it glimmered, crowning the plateau, spire and dome and tiled roof sparkling in the sun, the tinted morning shadows playing over bastion and wall, fortified causeway, battlement, and barbette.

On three sides of the city the perpendicular rock fell away hundreds of feet sheer, where, deep below in the ravine, I heard water gushing over stones, and the sigh and sough of the wind through the hidden foliage.

"It is the Alzette River we hear, monsieur," said the coachman, leaning over and pointing down the gorge. "The lower city lies there below; the city on the rocks above was but a citadel in former days."

"Drive slowly," I said, under my breath; for the spell of the scene was upon me.

Exquisite, unreal, the terraced heights, over which raced the shadows of white clouds, seemed deserted; empty and tenantless, watch-tower and parapet; the vague city silent and hushed, as in strange mazed dreams of sorcery. And it was sorcery, this miraged land of miniatures, this frail fantastic city, this rocky gorge where a painted stream foamed under painted trees, where quaintly lined houses and mills with little wheels turning gave to the composition its naïve and delicate monotony.

And now we came nearer, and as we drove on to the great viaduct that spans the ravine from the railroad to the city I saw the ruin that lay over all—the ghost of former power and strength, the mockery of dismantled battlement, turret, and barbette.

For the walled causeway was defenceless, the loopholed gate-lodge but a shell; the cannon that turned their flaring muzzles to the south were ancient bits of green bronze, laboriously wrought and chased, sunk to the chiselled trunnions in mouldy oaken blocks.

And now I saw people: fresh-faced girls, bearing tin milk-pails, flocked across the bridge; trim soldiers in blue and scarlet marched briskly, two by two, about somebody's business—perhaps their own. Deep in the ravine below, ducks quacked and flapped white pinions; the churning splash of turning millwheels, the softened concord of voices, the sigh and whisper and stir of leafy depths through which tiny houses gleamed, and the blue sky over all—this was Luxembourg, as I entered the causeway—a whole toy-store come to life, a naïve water-color with mechanical millwheels and rocking boats, an enchanted Noah's-ark collection, trees, cattle, and people newly painted. I could almost sniff glue and varnish in the aromatic August breeze.

Then into this impossible landscape, this absurdly delightful paradox of a country, came a relic of yesterday—a horse-car, jingling serenely over the bridge towards the city, carrying a single passenger. A young girl, with dainty Dresden-china features, held up one rosy porcelain finger; the car stopped, she got in, then jingle! jingle! jingle! it moved mechanically on towards the walls of that enchanted, that exquisitely irrational actuality—the city of Luxembourg.

If a great hand had suddenly descended from above and gathered up city, trees, and people, and laid them back in their boxes, it would scarcely have surprised me.

But now we drove slowly into the city itself, through a gateway where two prettily uniformed soldiers smoked scented cigarettes; and I saw before me an unpaved square like a country market-place, alive with pink-cheeked women, whose wooden shoes clicked like the interminable rhythm of castanets as they moved through rows of stands heaped high with very green vegetables. Everywhere color and grace and gracious gesture, everywhere subdued and discreet movement, and the fresh aroma of starched linen.

A graceful girl in blue, with a lace collarette and cambric head-dress, gave me a look. I wondered why even the cab-horse did not stop. I tried to, but the cabman turned abruptly to the left under the pedestal of the prancing bronze battle-horse, incidentally encumbered with some forgotten Grand-Duke of Luxembourg, and we entered a boulevard skirting the ramparts. This boulevard was another surprise; it looked like a bit of Paris, handsome, modern, elegant, and spotless. There were houses only on one side; and on the other terraces, from below which sheer cliffs fell away. Nurse-maids rolled baby-carriages up and down the sidewalks; a street-sweeper, eyes closed, apparently slumbering upright, played a hose over the asphalt. Even the English sparrows seemed subdued and decorous; there was no loud vulgar chirping, no impudent chatter, no dusty squabbles; each bird minded his own business, and followed the fat ash-colored pigeons with admiring eyes, as those overfed birds waddled round and round in the eternal ornithological quest for nourishment.

I knew this was the Boulevard du Viaduc—I had seen the name neatly printed in white on the corner house.

In a few moments the cab stopped in front of an immaculate house bearing the number 7, and over the door I saw a newly gilded eagle and shield, and a newly painted flag-pole, decorated with two brand-new ropes. I descended, gave the cabman a generous tip, told him to behave himself always and fear God, and went towards the door, at which already a flunky stood.

A moment later a big, laughing, reckless-eyed youth came into the hallway, saying: "Hello, Hardy, old sport! Glad to see you, old gilt-and-buttons! I've put a cocktail and the cellar keys on your bureau. Pull the blue cord in the corner when you're ready, and please don't wink at the maid."

It was Victor Osborne, First Secretary to his Excellency the American Envoy, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg.

"Don't be funny," I said. "Where's the Minister?"

"Gone to The Hague with the whole outfit—except me. There's a row on with William the Sudden. Wash your face and come down stairs, and I'll tell you about it."

It only needs a pair of Yankees in a country to knock the romance out of it.

If it is true that any Americans have settled in heaven, it may be spoiled within the next few years—like Japan.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONDON

May 6, 1899.

MR. RHODES is the celebrity of the week. He has again hypnotized so large a portion of the public that incredulity as to the permanence and utility of his vast imperial schemes is regarded by his supporters as churchmen in the Middle Ages looked on Protestantism and free thought. Whatever may be said against Mr. Rhodes, he possesses the quality of interestingness, and to be interesting in these conventional days is what Artemus Ward describes as a "sweet boon." In person Mr. Rhodes has considerably changed during the last few years. He is bulky, almost ungainly, rubicund, unconventional, and spasmodic. He gives the impression of having passed the meridian of life. His countenance at first glance is heavy and expressionless. When watched, however, a gleam in the eye often reveals the consciousness of power. The atmosphere of command in which he has lived so long invests his personality with a strange sense of magnetism over those with whom he comes in contact. Though still credited with vast and far-reaching schemes of empire-building not yet revealed to the public, Mr. Rhodes is not insensible to the attractions of civilization. Like all men of power and courage, he is adored by the ladies. The hostess who secures him as a guest scores a social triumph. He visits the theatre, keeping modestly at the back of the box. He is a generous man with a full sense of humor, is thoroughly alive to the fact of his position in the world, and is under no illusions as to the perfectibility of human nature. His moral courage is shown in many ways. During the past week he attended a meeting in support of the Salvation Army, spoke in favor of General Booth and his work, and gave a large subscription. Now the Salvation Army is anathema maranatha to high churchmen and churchwomen. In supporting General Booth's work Mr. Rhodes courts the antagonism of the sacerdotal element now fashionable in English society. That Mr. Rhodes is a philosopher the following anecdote will show. He is a collector of beautiful plants and strange animals for Groot Schuur, his residence in the environs of Cape Town. On a visit to the conservatories of one of the great London florists and nurserymen he saw a magnificent Arum lily, peculiarly colored. The plant, said the nurseryman, had been acquired at considerable cost from a missionary recently returned from South Africa. Mr. Rhodes bought the plant at a high price. The lily in question had been stolen from Mr. Rhodes's estate at Groot Schuur, to which the public of the Cape are freely admitted.

IN opening the extraordinary meeting of the shareholders of the Chartered Company the Duke of Abercorn described Mr. Rhodes as a man of "splendid ideas and undefeated action." Mr. Rhodes's ideas are indeed magnificent, but somehow or other his position is no longer what it was. Those who are not his supporters sniff Panama in his finance. In regard to the Transvaal troubles, now rapidly culminating to a crisis, it is widely if not universally felt, by every one competent to form sound judgment in the matter, that Mr. Rhodes's absence from South Africa is for the present in the highest degree desirable in the interests of peace. The racial fire which now smoulders in every town and village from the Zambesi to Table Mountain, wherever Dutch and English are in contact, is directly due to the raid financed and engineered by Mr. Rhodes, but usually associated with the name of Dr. Jameson, an able Scottish accoucheur formerly practising in Kimberley. Mr. Rhodes's proposals to his shareholders were indeed magnificent. His speech lasted for an hour and twenty minutes, was punctuated by cheers, illustrated with the waving of pocket handkerchiefs, and followed by his audience with the enthusiasm, if not the disinterestedness, of early Christians. Mr. Rhodes proposes to add $15,000,000 to the non-productive capital of the Chartered Company. The proposal was cheered to the echo, and after the meeting was over the Colossus and his *entourage* had to be escorted across the road by a posse of policemen. A cold, hard world, however, does not reflect the enthusiasm displayed inside the hall at Cannon Street. The Chartered Company's shares were depressed after Mr. Rhodes's speech.

I HAVE taken the opportunity of consulting a very large South-African capitalist, who is friendly to the empire-builder and largely interested in Rhodesia, as to the future of Mr. Rhodes's schemes. His view is that Mr. Rhodes does not stay long enough on one thing, that with only twelve thousand people in Rhodesia it is easy to overdo the capitalization of the schemes favored by Mr. Rhodes, and that he would act much more wisely in concentrating his attention on the development of the country with which his name is associated than in prosecuting enterprises that under no circumstances can benefit the empire for thirty or forty years to come. Each inhabitant of Rhodesia represents $4165 in borrowed capital. Mr. Rhodes's policy makes for unrest, stimulates speculation, and is unfavorable to a policy of quiet development. Of course his policy may succeed, although the experience of mankind is against him. That Rhodesia is highly mineralized is admitted, but nothing has been said about expenditure and debt of the Chartered Company. The balance-sheet of the past year has not been produced, the exact burden of indebtedness is unknown, the income falls short of the outlay, but the loyal shareholders believe in Mr. Rhodes as the Moslem believes in Mohammed.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the cabinet have displeased Mr. Rhodes by their refusal to guarantee his proposed railway in the wilds of central Africa. It does not follow that because Mr. Rhodes submits a project the wise and patriotic course is to fall in with it. Indeed, there seems to be nothing for which to blame the ministry, as the commercial instincts of the city have come to Mr. Rhodes's rescue where the more timid instincts of the guardians of the public purse have held back. The South-African Napoleon has shocked the proprieties by the directness of his attack upon Mr. John Ellis, M.P., to whom he has referred as "a man named John Ellis who lives in the House of Commons." Mr. John Ellis was a member of the South-African Committee that sat in judgment on Mr. Rhodes. He is a Wesleyan, one of the deputy-chairmen of the House of Commons, thoroughly respected, and is as mild a mannered man as ever objected to cutting throats or launching unauthorized expeditions against a friendly state.

Mr. Rhodes's speech, moreover, was characterized by much inaccuracy, and contradicted some of his own remarks on the last occasion on which he met his shareholders. Like many men who have acquired a great position, Mr. Rhodes is no bigot for exactitude. He is not surrounded altogether by the sort of people likely to enhance his reputation with generations to come. Perhaps he has had the wrong continent to deal with, and if his energies, like those of Clive, had been expended in Asia, he might have done better; but his future is not easy to predict. It is true that he is borrowing large sums of money with facility for the prosecution of his schemes, but whether they will survive his disappearance from the scene is a question upon which it is not necessary to express an opinion. There is nothing sordid about Mr. Rhodes. Like Mr. Casaubon in *Middlemarch*, he has "a great soul," but the coruscation of his imperial fireworks has become somewhat too brilliant for solid English tastes, associated as they are with heavy drafts on the pockets as well as the faith of his followers.

THERE is nothing to say about Lord Salisbury's most recent agreement with Russia. England will keep it; Russia will break it the instant it is worth her while to do so. For the present, famine, poverty, and policy combine to make Russia reasonable, and ministers would be foolish not to take advantage of the opportunity; in the absence of a guarantee, paper stipulations signed by a Russian minister are scarcely worth the value of the material on which they are recorded.

IN a recent letter I referred to the comparative failure of the educational system bestowed on the natives of India under British rule. The training of their quick intelligence unaccompanied by physical discipline or ethical development leaves the average Oriental where it found him—untrustworthy, according to Western ideas, and incapable of resisting pecuniary temptations. An interesting illustration of this unwelcome truth has come to my knowledge. A recent viceroy (not Lord Curzon) who went out from England full of belief in the perfectibility of native character, was told by a high police official, an Englishman, that no native could be trusted; that every document confided to the care of a native could be purchased; and, in short, that no secret was safe in native hands. The viceroy was extremely angry, and assured his informant, in the language of Burke, that it was impossible to frame an indictment against a whole race. "Well," said the policeman, "I know these people. Your Excellency does not; but as you seem so sure that they are to be trusted, I invite you to submit the matter to a test. If your Excellency will name some secret document in your personal possession, and will undertake not to mention the matter to any human being, I will undertake in a fortnight to supply your Excellency with a copy of that document." "Very good," said the viceroy. "Locked up in a despatch-box in my writing-room there is an autograph letter from the Queen. There are only two keys to the box: one is in my possession; the other is in the hands of the private secretary, Colonel ——." Before two weeks had elapsed the police official had furnished the viceroy with a copy of the Queen's letter. The Governor-General was convinced, but was extremely angry with the head of the police, and charged him with corrupting native servants. The story is a true one, and both parties to it are still alive.

ARNOLD WHITE.

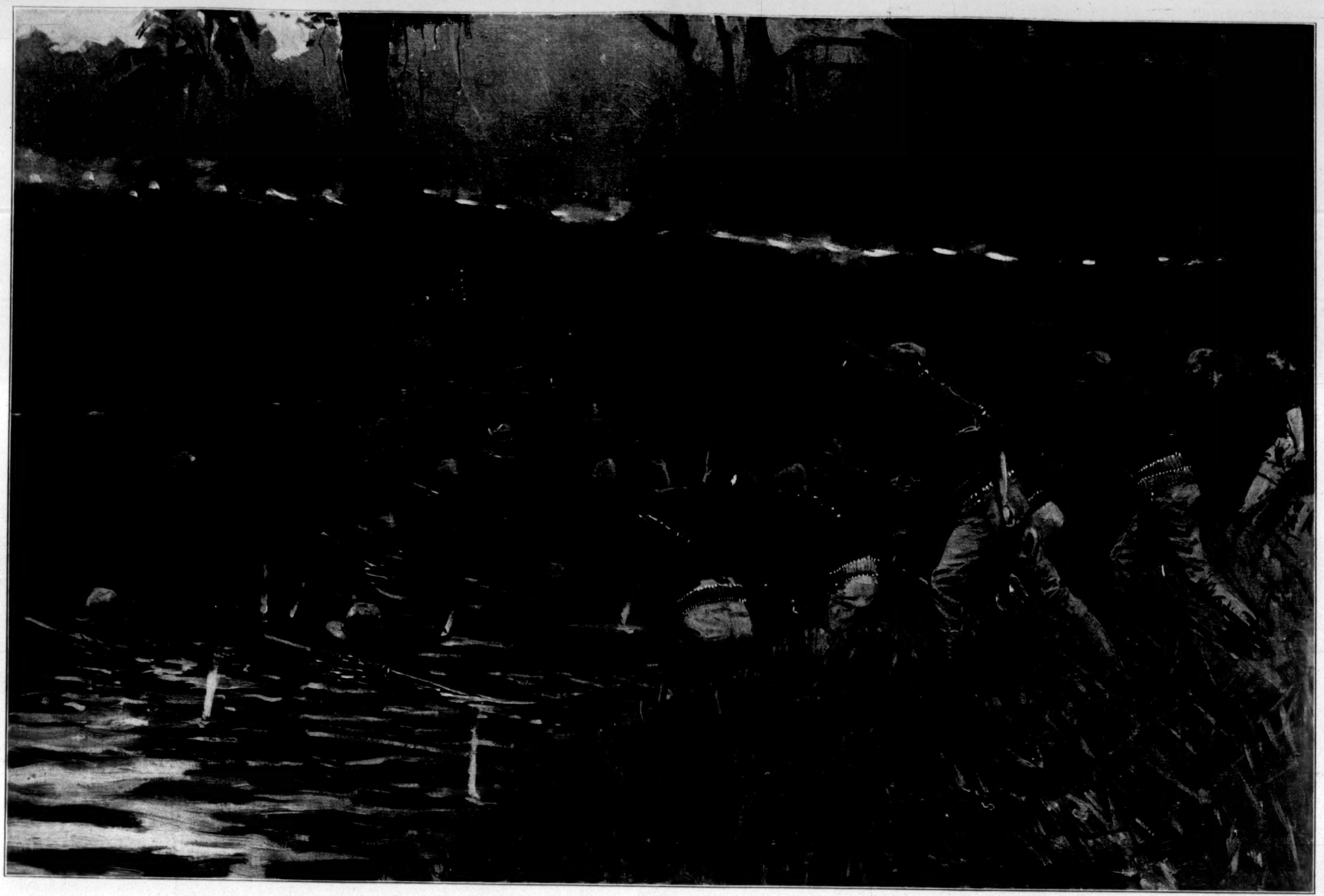
Chinese Proverbs

NO sound can startle in the darkest night
Him who has kept his conscience clean and white.

Our good deeds, and our actions that are wrong,
Are like two shadows following us along.

Empty is gold, and silver too is vain,
Since neither can the hand that's dead retain.

JOEL BENTON.



THE PHILIPPINES—AMERICAN SOLDIERS SWIMMING TO AN ASSAULT ON THE INSURGENT INTRENCHMENTS.

Drawn by Frederic Remington.

AMONGST THIEVES. *By William E. Norris*

CHAPTER I.

GLANCING at the obituary notices in the *Times*, the other day, I saw that the Italian deputy Soldato had died rather suddenly. The writer of his brief biography stated that he had been for upwards of ten years a distinguished member of the assembly which delights in worrying the life out of poor King Humbert, and added that his public career had been one of strict honor and integrity. I wonder whether, if he were still alive, he would remember the trifling sum which he has been owing me for considerably more than ten years. Very likely not; for he was always a light-hearted creature, and I doubt whether the exigencies and enjoyments of the present have ever left him much leisure for indulging in reminiscences of the past.

As for me, who am neither a politician nor anything else worth mentioning, and whose leisure is abundant, the sight of that respectable Italian gentleman's name brought back to me certain memories upon which it was not altogether disagreeable to dwell during a lazy half-hour. One has had so few genuine adventures in the course of a placid, prosperous life, and the one which I am about to recount was really so interesting and exciting while it lasted! And the funny thing is that Signor Soldato should have played the conspicuous part that he did in it—Soldato, the Conservative deputy, who never, so far as I am aware, earned his name, since he was not a soldier, nor (to treat him participially) was he paid off in accordance with his deserts.

Well, I knew nothing about him or the treatment which might be his due that winter, some fifteen years back, when I hired the steam-yacht *Chiquita* for a Mediterranean cruise. I detest steam-yachts, and do not see what business those long narrow craft, which cannot sail, wallow hideously in a seaway, and are, at best, mere machines for the promotion of luxurious travel, have to be called yachts at all; but that is neither here nor there. At the time in question I was the temporary owner of the aforesaid vessel, and, what was more, I was the sole passenger on board of her as she lay off Palermo, the friends who had hitherto accompanied me on my voyage having departed for Egypt and left me in the lurch.

Under those somewhat depressing circumstances I was only too glad to accept the proffered society of Professor Abbattucci, to whom I had been introduced at the house of the local banker, and who was eager to visit certain spots on the south side of Sicily which, in those days of rampant brigandage, were not very easily approachable by land. I hastened to assure him that my old tub was entirely at his orders, and we went puffing off for Marsala, over a calm sea, one fine March evening. The Professor was a pleasant, chatty old fellow, with a long gray beard. I forget now—I am not sure that I even knew at the time—what university had the honor of claiming him as an exponent of ancient history; but he had a great deal to say about the Greeks and the Carthaginians and Dionysius and Dion, with which my rusty recollections of school and college lore did not enable me to keep step. However, he spoke English with fluency, and he enjoyed a good dinner and a bottle of champagne—not to say two bottles when pressed—as much as anybody; so that we got on together quite nicely. Marsala was to be our first port of call, because it would be comparatively safe from thence to make for Segesta, where, according to the Professor, there were ruins of a most interesting character to be inspected; yet, when we arrived at our destination, the hospitable wine merchants of the locality, who were delighted to see us, and offered us samples of their choicest vintages, made grimaces on being informed of our project. It was quite upon the cards, they said, that we might carry it through without mishap; but, on the other hand, there was a distinct possibility of our being seized and held to ransom by the band of one Guercio, who had long terrorized the neighborhood, and of whose exploits they spoke with something akin to admiration. They had various thrilling anecdotes to relate to us respecting this sharp-witted bandit—his latest triumph, I remember, had been the capture of a Palermo banker, which he had effected by disguising himself as an officer of gendarmerie and offering his services, together with those of two of his subordinates, as escort to the unfortunate gentleman—while her Britannic Majesty's vice-consul, upon whom I called, confirmed the accuracy of their statements and associated himself with their advice.

“It is my duty to warn you, Mr. Bates,” said he, “that we have precise instructions with regard to any future predicament in which English travellers may be landed through their own foolhardiness. In other words, if you choose to be taken prisoner by brigands, you will have to pay what they may demand, or accept the consequences; the Foreign Office will not be in any way responsible for you.”

But Professor Abbattucci laughed these sage counsels to scorn. “*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator,*” he quoted; “it is not out of the carcase of a poor devil of a pedagogue that Signor Guericio will make his fortune, and I am not afraid of him. As for Mr. Bates, who is rich and has a right to be careful of his person, not for the world would I lead him into danger. Let him remain here quietly to-morrow; I venture to promise that I will rejoin him, safe and sound, before nightfall.”

Now I am not what any impartial person could call rich, nor, I trust, am I what any impartial person would call a coward. My reply was just what yours (assuming you to represent the average human being) would have been in my place, and on the following morning the train took the Professor and me to the station of Calatafimi, where we found two horses waiting for us, under the charge of a bronzed, bearded *contadino*, who had been instructed to act as our guide. We trotted for a mile or so along a very bad road, and then struck abruptly across country—a bare, hilly, arid country, with white villages perched here and there upon rocky heights, and an occasional orange grove to right or left of us, but little other trace of inhabitants or cultivation. I do not know where Segesta is, never having been privileged to gaze upon its doubtless striking monuments of antiquity; but I had been given to understand that it could be reached in considerably less than two hours from Calatafimi. Consequently I began, after a time, to feel misgivings, and I was in the act of imparting these to my companion, when, on a sudden, a shout rang out through the still, sultry air, and at the same moment I became aware that a gleaming gun-barrel was being pointed straight at my head over the top of an adjacent bowlder.

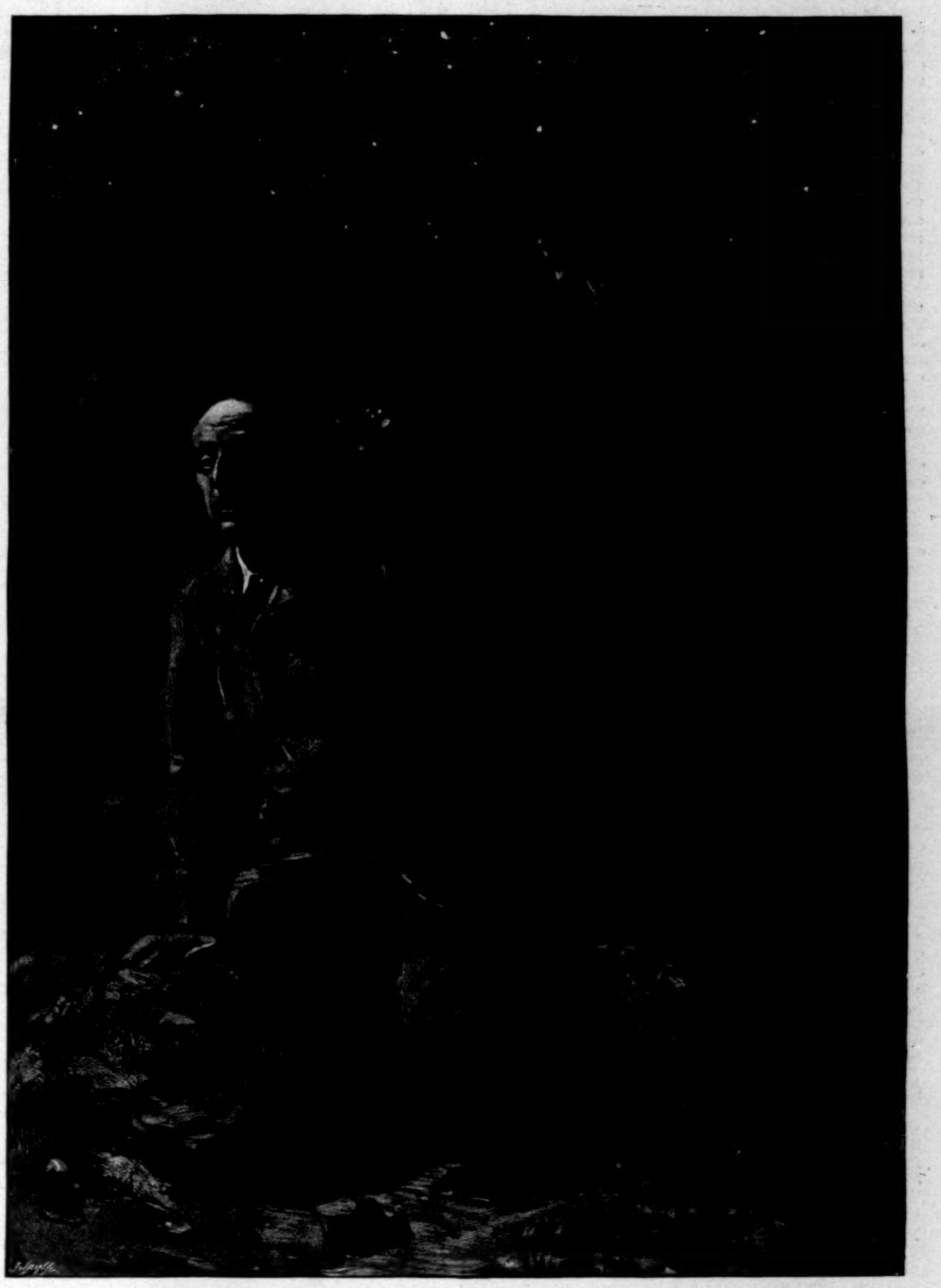
“Told you so!” I exclaimed. “Now we are in a nice mess!”

The Professor shrugged his shoulders. “Are you armed?” he asked.

“I have a revolver,” I answered.

“Then, my dear sir, let me implore you, if you value your life, not to dream of using it.”

How could I use, it when there was nothing to fire at? And although I might, and no doubt should, have hit a brace or more of the dozen unkempt ruffians who instantly sprang out of the bowels of the earth to surround us, it was obvious that subsequent escape would have been a sheer impossibility. So the Professor and I were fain to surrender at discretion, to the manifest delight of our so-called guide, who grinned from ear to ear.



“‘TAKE THE THING AWAY, YOU IDIOT!’ I EXCLAIMED, HASTILY.”

His confederates did not grin. They were as sullen and ill-looking a crew as ever I have beheld in my life; and from the needless violence with which they dragged me out of the saddle and bound my arms behind my back, I gathered that they had little in common with the courteous banditti of romance. No such rough usage was accorded to the Professor, who addressed a few rapid sentences to them in the Sicilian dialect, unintelligible to me, and who was neither bound nor forced to dismount. Presently my captors lifted me on to the back of my sorry steed once more —a concession which he explained that he had been able to obtain for me.

“Do not be afraid,” he added; “there is nothing worse in store for you than a temporary detention in the mountains. I have told these rascals who you are and who I am; they quite understand that you are too valuable, while I am too valueless, to be maltreated.”

“Then, upon my word,” said I, not best pleased, “I think you might have been a little less communicative and officious! This means, I suppose, that you will get off scot-free, and that I shall have to pay an extortionate price for my liberty. I congratulate you upon your presence of mind.”

The Professor smiled benignly. “*A la guerre comme à la guerre!*” he rejoined. “Wealth has its advantages, and so, now and then, has indigence. For the rest, camping out will be a pleasure in such beautiful weather, and we shall see a tract of country which is seldom or never visited by strangers.”

He took the whole thing with such complacent philosophy—as well he might after having coolly given me away—that I was not disposed to respond to the descriptive comments upon our surroundings with which he favored me during the long upward march that followed. Much I cared whether we were traversing classic ground or not; and a poor sort of solace quotations from Theocritus were to a man whose arms were aching and throbbing under the pressure of a tight cord.

“Look here,” I said at last; “it seems to me that, as this costly expedition is being carried out at my expense, I may fairly claim to be dealt with as indulgently as you are. Can't you suggest to your ruffianly friends that I want to blow my nose?”

“To be sure I can, and so I will,” he good-humoredly replied; but the representations which he at once addressed to the scoundrel who appeared to be in command of our captors failed to produce the desired effect.

“You see, Mr. Bates,” he explained, “you are a powerful man, whereas I am but a feeble old fellow, incapable of showing fight or attempting to escape. They say you must wait a little longer. When we reach the white building which you can see yonder on the hill-side, and which, it seems, is tenanted by a widow, who will perhaps offer us a drink of the country wine—”

“And who is doubtless in the swim,” I interrupted.

“*Eh! poverina!*—what would you have? In these parts one must take one side or the other, and it would go hard with a lonely woman who favored the *carabinieri*. Well, as soon as we reach her farm they will take your revolver from you and restore you the use of your hands.”

CHAPTER II.

THEY proved as good as their word. My revolver was taken from me when we came to a halt in front of the low, rambling structure, my arms were set free, and why I was allowed to retain possession of my watch and my spare cash it was not for me to inquire. As for attempting to escape, I might as well have attempted to soar into the air, like an eagle. Instead of essaying the impossible, I sat blinking in the fierce sunlight, like an owl, and hoped that the extremely pretty little woman who tripped out with bottles and glasses just as if she had been expecting us—as a matter of fact, I suppose she *had* been expecting us—would not forget me in her kindly ministrations.

She did not forget the Professor, anyhow. He had three tumblers of wine, no less, and they evidently exhilarated him. Also, he conversed in an animated style with our fair entertainer, even going so far as to address her (my very limited acquaintance with the dialect enabled me to detect that much) as "Cecchina *mia*." I had already heard her called "Signora Cecchina" by the leader of the gang. Well, she was amiable enough to end by offering me refreshment; although at the moment when she did so her eyes were turned away from me towards some distant object. She pointed, indeed, to a small cloud of dust upon the white road far beneath us, and uttered an exclamation which instantly caused every one of us to gaze eagerly in the direction indicated. It was only a country cart, as was at once perceived; but the very brief space of time during which Cecchina contrived to elude observation sufficed for her purpose. She pressed a small round object into my hand, whispering, in clearly intelligible Italian, "South-southwest," and as I hurriedly pocketed the compass, I said to myself, "Thank you, my dear; I'll remember."

The significance and value of this excellent woman's gift became more apparent to me when a thick bandage was placed over my eyes and the march was resumed. How long that march lasted I cannot say; it seemed to me to be absolutely interminable, and my repeated inquiries of the Professor as to whether he also had been blindfolded or not met with no answer. Could the unfeeling wretch have persuaded those villains to let him depart in peace, as a worthless asset? Somehow I felt no confidence in him, and inclined to the belief that if he could save his own skin, he would trouble himself little enough about the integrity of mine.

These apprehensions, however, turned out to be groundless. When at length I was lifted off my horse and my bandage was removed, the first object upon which my dazed eyes fell was the figure of the Professor, who was standing before me with his hands upon his hips.

"Well, Mr. Bates," said he, in slightly mocking accents, "how do you find yourself by this time?"

Vague suspicions had been floating through my brain for several hours past; these crystallized themselves into precise shape as I stared at my interlocutor, planted there in the twilight, with a background of jagged rocks and ragged rascals to emphasize the circumstance that he was his own master. Something prompted me to seize him by his long gray beard—which came off in my hand. He himself obligingly simplified matters by flinging away his wig, and so stood revealed—a handsome young scamp, with laughing black eyes and a fine double row of white teeth.

"You dirty thief!" I ejaculated.

He acknowledged the compliment by a bow and an engaging smile. "A thief I unquestionably am," he replied, "through pressure of necessity and insupportable taxation. As for dirt—*che vuole?* Water is not to be obtained so easily in Sicily as in your rainy island. Permit me, nevertheless, to assure you that nobody can appreciate honesty and cleanliness more highly than I do. Some day—possibly by your involuntary help—I may revert to a more civilized and congenial style of existence. Meanwhile, my dear sir, I can only offer you a rough hospitality. Happily there is every prospect of settled weather, and although the nights are fresh at this season of the year, my *canaille* will soon kindle a good fire for us."

"I presume," said I, "that I have the honor to be the guest of Signor Guercio?"

He made a gesture of assent. "That is the *sobriquet* which the good people hereabouts have been pleased to bestow upon me. They might have given me a more flattering one; for the truth is that I am by nature almost culpably amiable and generous towards those who have won my sympathy. You will admit that when I tell you that I have fixed your ransom at the paltry sum of 150,000 *lire*."

A brief process of mental arithmetic put me in a position to gauge the extent of the fellow's impudence. "Six thousand pounds!" I cried. "Don't you wish you may get it? Even supposing that I were willing to pay that amount—which I am not—I haven't as much, nor anything like as much, available. You had better rifle my pockets and let me go; for I assure you that neither my relations nor the British government will pay a penny for me."

He smiled, and replied suavely that he relied only upon me, not upon hard-hearted outsiders. "A man who cannot readily sell out securities to the value of 150,000 *lire* does not hire so fine a yacht as the *Chiquita* for the winter months," he added. "That is why I expect, when I go down to Marsala to-morrow, to carry with me the requisite instructions, signed by you. I shall then be once more Professor Abbattucci; I shall explain to your vice-consul that the brigands have despatched me to make arrangements on your behalf, and the moment that the cash is placed in my hands I shall hasten back to camp to release you—an affair of a week or ten days, probably."

"And if I finally and absolutely refuse to sign any such outrageous instructions?" I inquired.

"Dear Mr. Bates," he answered, "you compel me to say things which it is most disagreeable to me to say; but the tariff in questions of this kind is well known and inexorable. A first refusal means the loss of one ear, persistent obstinacy deprives the prisoner of its fellow, and then—eh! then other features must follow suit. You will understand, I am sure, that I could not hope to maintain my authority over a set of desperadoes if I attempted to depart from established rules, and you will not, I trust, be so foolish as to mutilate yourself, in addition to losing your money. For the rest, I give you until to-morrow morning to reflect. Presently we will have some supper, and banish unpleasant topics for the night."

I have often had occasion to observe with what amazing facility we mortals accommodate ourselves to unavoidable circumstances. There are many things which we assert that we will not do or cannot bear; yet, when we have to do or bear them, the task turns out to be well within the compass of our capacity. I devoured an excellent supper with an equally excellent appetite; subsequently I toasted my toes at the camp fire and enjoyed the cigar kindly provided for me by my host, as well as his conversation, which was racy, witty, and instinct with knowledge of the outer world. All the same, I said to myself, "If you think you are going to extort £6000 from me, my good friend, you little know Augustus Bates." In point of fact, nobody knows better than I do by what hard work and unremitting attention to business such a sum is laid by, and I was prepared to defend my lawful earnings even at the risk of my ears.

Naturally I had not forgotten Cecchina's compass, nor did I despair of giving my warders the slip; but I need hardly say that that did not promise to be quite the simplest of jobs. As far as I could make out, the brigands' camp was situated in a species of natural stronghold, surrounded by beetling crags, which would have to be scaled either for purposes of ingress or egress, and even if I succeeded in evading the vigilance of the sentinels who were posted round about us when we lay down to rest, it seemed only too likely that my person (which is a somewhat bulky one) would end by standing out conspicuously against the starry sky.

However, the attempt had to be made; and shortly after one o'clock in the morning it was made, in a style which, I flatter myself, would have done no discredit to a red Indian. Not without some feeling of contempt for that lazy, slovenly gang did I wriggle upon my stomach past their snoring outposts, whom they had not even taken the trouble to relieve, and although in the course of my subsequent tedious, arduous scramble I could not help dislodging an occasional pebble or fragment of earth, not a man of them stirred in response to those telltale sounds. What fools they were, I thought, not to keep dogs! But it was not for me to grumble at their stupidity; and when at length I dropped deftly over the hill-crest which dominated their lair my heart was full of good-will towards them and gratitude to the admirable Cecchina. I drew her compass out of my pocket and proceeded to take bearings. From the eminence upon which I was seated a vast extent of broken, hilly country was discernible under the stars; I could even make out the sea, and what I took to be Marsala, indicated by a few twinkling lights in the far distance. But the intervening villages through which we had passed I was unable to discover, nor were my eyes good enough to penetrate the dark hollows and folds of the hills, in one of which was doubtless situated the farm of my friend in need.

"Never mind!" said I, aloud; "I shall follow my nose and the compass, and if I get out of this safely, my good Cecchina, you shall hear of something to your advantage on application to the firm of Bates & Co., Lothbury, E.C. Signor Guercio and Professor Abbattucci, I have the honor to wish you good-night and pleasant dreams!"

"A thousand thanks!" answered an ironical voice close behind me; "but, dear Mr. Bates, if you wish me to sleep comfortably, you really should not compel me to waste an hour of my night's rest in following you. How could you think so poorly of my intelligence as to imagine that I would run any risk of parting with you? Oh, you had better not move! That cold, hard substance which you feel behind your ear is the barrel of your own nice new revolver, and my finger is upon the trigger."

"Take the thing away, you idiot!" I exclaimed, hastily (for I felt by no means sure that he was accustomed to the handling of such delicate weapons). "I surrender, of course. What the deuce else can I do? Only I must say that I think you might have spared me and yourself all this unnecessary fatigue, which has been worse than deer-stalking. Why didn't you?"

"Excusable curiosity," he calmly replied. "I suspected—and what you have just been obliging enough to say confirms my suspicions—that Cecchina did not cause me to look the other way while she was handing you your wine for nothing. Ah, well! I forgive her. The more willingly because she has failed, and because, if she had succeeded, her misplaced generosity would have cost her a little fortune. You have no idea, Mr. Bates, of how much may be accomplished with a capital of £6000 in this poverty-stricken land."

Looking back upon it all dispassionately and at this distance of time, I am bound to admit that Cesare Soldato was an amiable, attractive sort of scamp, exhibiting at every turn that mixture of frank knavery and simplicity which is to be met with nowhere, save in the country of his birth. It may seem rather queer, considering what our actual relations were, that we should have sat down, side by side, upon the rocks, and that he should have selected that opportunity for favoring me with a candid autobiographical narrative; but he said it would perhaps interest me, and I confess that it did.

He was by birth and education a respectable sort of person, it appeared, but, like many other respectable persons, he had always been unable to do justice to himself and his legitimate ambitions through lack of sufficient capital. Foreign travel, infinite ingenuity, and a highly receptive mind had failed, one and all, to furnish him with this indispensable possession, and if he had now taken to brigandage it was not so much for the fun of the thing (though he admitted that he enjoyed that) as by reason of the splendid successes which may be expected to fall, sooner or later, to the brigand who knows how to wait for them. Such a success, he intimated, he now grasped in my humble person. Six thousand pounds, he remarked, might not sound much to a British capitalist; but, for his part, he was not greedy: he could make it do.

"You mean, perhaps," said I, "that that sum is the minimum which the pretty widow of the farm will accept."

He nodded assent, and was so polite as to add that I was a clever fellow.

"I cannot accept the compliment," I answered; "it seems to me that if I had been a clever fellow Professor Abbattucci would have found it less easy to make a fool of me. Nevertheless, I have eyes in my head, which I sometimes utilize for the purpose of observing other people's eyes and the emotions which they express. I saw you gazing at the fair Cecchina; likewise I saw her gazing at you. But I frankly own that I am not quite clever enough to guess why she gave me that compass. Is she, or is she not, your confederate? Of course you need not answer unless you like; I merely ask from the same motive to which you pleaded guilty just now—excusable curiosity."

He laughed, and made me welcome to full information on the subject. Cecchina, he assured me, must have been honestly anxious to do me a good turn. Being an angel, she was not, and could not be, the ally of thieves; still less would she ever consent—he had her word for that—to espouse a leader of thieves. But she might—and he had some reason for hoping and believing that she would—consent to marry a repentant ex-bandit with £6000 in his pocket who adored her and whom she had admitted she did not personally detest. Oh, not, of course, in Sicily; that would be rather too risky a proceeding. But there was a constant and excellent service of steamers from Messina and other ports; once on the mainland, people who asked nothing better than to lead a quiet, reputable life would be in a position to gratify their desire, and the farm—which, owing to the disturbed state of the country, was not worth much anyhow—could be disposed of from afar quite as well as from the neighborhood.

All this and a great deal more he imparted to me with a childlike candor which disarmed incredulity. By the time that he had made an end of speaking I could not doubt that he was genuinely, passionately in love with the charming widow, nor did I disbelieve his statement that, while she refused to have anything to do with an outlaw, she might prove willing to make a fresh start in life in the company of one who had a snug little fortune lying at his banker's. What struck me as being somewhat quaint (but it did not appear to strike him in that light at all) was that I—at once a total stranger and a trusted confidant—should be called upon to provide the little fortune in question under penalty of prompt corporal mutilation. He was quite serious and earnest about that part of the business; he said that, much as he should regret it, he would certainly have to lop off my ears and nose in the event of my recalcitrancy; he pointed out to me that he was in command of a gang of desperadoes, and that it would be as much as his post was worth to shock their prejudices by a display of misplaced leniency. So the long and the short of it was that I gave in. I do not see, nor did I see at the time, what else there was for me to do. The man's good-humor was more convincing than any ferocity, and although certain points in his lucid summing up of the position seemed to need explaining—where, for example, did the desperadoes and their share of the anticipated spoil come in?—I was not such a fool as to put indiscreet queries. He was capable, I felt sure, of doubling his demand, and, had he done so, my poor pocket must needs have come to the rescue of my features.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Memorial Day

MAY 30, 1899

"Every soldier's grave made during our unfortunate civil war is a tribute to American valor.

"And while, when those graves were made, we differed widely about the future of this government, these differences were long ago settled by the arbitrament of arms, and the time has now come, in the evolution of sentiment and feeling, under the providence of God, when, in the spirit of fraternity, we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."—*President McKinley at Atlanta.*

ONCE more we gather under skies of May,
When lilac blossoms, and when violet blows,
And on these grassy graves we weave a spray
Of Northern lily and of Southern rose.

Once more we hear the blue-bird's song afloat,
The thrush's piping in the dewy dell;
We thrill to hear the Northern robin's note,
And stand ensnared by Southern mock-bird's spell.

Once more the winds through odorous orchards blow,
The creamy hawthorns through the fences twine;
Lo! all the sunrise splendors are aglow,
Like cataracts of red and golden wine.

We bring a wreath, O martyrs numberless,
Who perished that your country still might live;
Who fought and bled, the unborn babe to bless,
That we should still be brothers, and forgive.

But now we come, not as in bygone years,
When anger poisoned sorrow through and through;
When no one cried, through blended love and tears,
"Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Thank God, those days have now forever passed,
With all their strife of party, clique, and clan;
The Northerner, the Southerner, at last
Is simply, solely, an American.

On Santiago summits we unite
The grizzled foes of Chickamauga's day;
The hatreds of a Shiloh sink from sight
Beneath the waters of Manila Bay.

Above your graves, exultant anthems swell,
When Peace and Love have healed the battle's blows;
We flush with pride to think those fought so well
With these, so brave to overcome such foes.

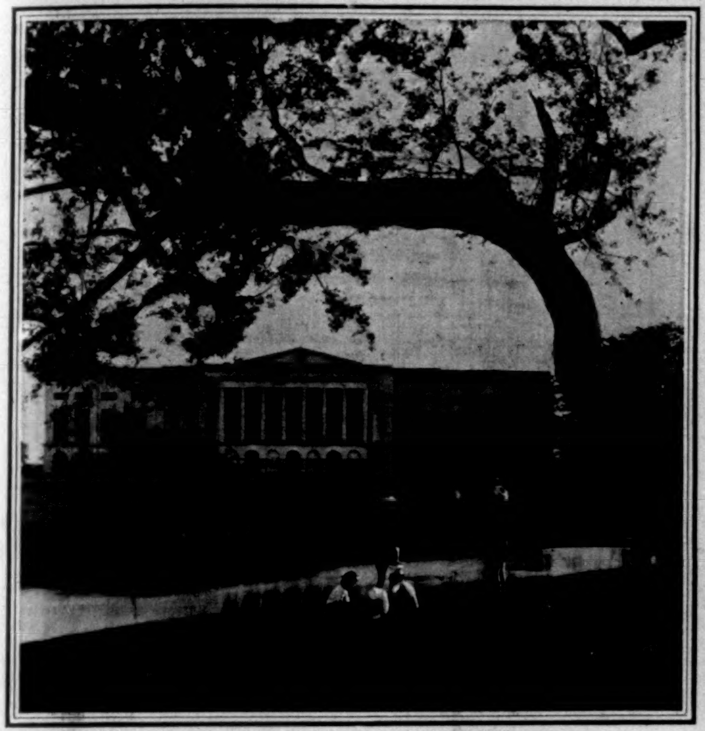
Peace be to Lee, whose honor shall not cease;
To Stonewall, of the valor-vibrant name;
Peace be to Grant, who longed so much for Peace,
To Lincoln, of the everlasting fame!

WALTER MALONE.

AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN. *By Julian Ralph*

III.

INDIA pays all her governors and lesser officials very well. England sees to that. As Viceroy, Lord Curzon of Kedleston will receive half a million dollars—that is to say, about £20,000 (or $100,000) a year—during his term of five years. In addition to this, he has a very considerable allowance for expenses; but it is said that he will have to husband this allowance carefully to make as showy a régime as he very wisely intends to have. His gorgeous body-guard of one hundred and twenty men, in the garb of personified rainbows, is cared for out of the Indian treasury, and, I think, this is the case with the retinues of servants who man (and woman) each of his palaces.



THE RIVER PALACE—BARRACKPORE PARK.

There is nothing homelike about the palaces of our American sovereign—or any other palaces, for that matter. From the moment you see the imperial gates of her palace garden in Calcutta—huge, massive, and severe, and capped by terrible lions of a Chinese pattern—you feel that Lady Curzon has parted with privacy and the sense of housemistress-ship for as long as she assists in her husband's reign.

At Barrackpore, the river palace of the viceroys, near Calcutta, she gets nearer the pleasure of domesticity, but it is only used as a rest-house—a place at which to spend the week ends when Calcutta is hot (which it always is, except when it is hotter), or when the official routine proves too tiresome. This smaller palace at Barrackpore is about three hours' sail up the Hooghly River, away from its forests of funnels and masts, and among its palms, its temples, and its water-side villas. It also is like an English country house in pattern; but somehow when you transplant such houses in India they turn themselves into palaces. And yet the architecture of this big brown pile is so severely plain that were it not for a row of large and shapely columns supporting a classic portico in the middle of the façade, no packing-case could be plainer. In the old days before the government was moved into the beautiful refrigerator called Simla, in the Himalayas, to keep it from souring during summer, Barrackpore was the hot-weather capital. The palace stands in a large park, which is noted for its beautiful trees, but it also contains huge reaches of grass dissected by broad sweeping drives. Within the grounds are many smaller houses, or bungalows, for the members of the viceregal staff, the extra servants, and the rest. But whether the Viceroy and his beautiful wife look back upon the noble trees or dine beneath them, or face the prospect of the breeze-furrowed river, they everywhere see shade and rest around them. Their daily routine continues to be formal and royal, yet it is possible for them—between meals—to ramble by themselves in the quiet corners of the park. If the Viceroy drops business, and if the Vicereine invites no guests to accompany her to this river palace, one full day of comparative quiet and rest can be had there at the finish of each week of the Calcutta season. A large steam-launch, as swift as an arrow, is one of the Viceroy's belongings, and is used mainly to make the trips to and from Barrackpore one of the delights of the place.

"No Viceroy—at least since the time of Lord Northbrook—has been received with as much enthusiasm as Lord Curzon was last evening." So says the *Statesman*, the leading newspaper of Calcutta. Six regiments lined the route, which was gay with flags, the stars and stripes being frequently entwined with the union-jack, out of respect to the American Vicereine. Rich carpets and huge tiger-skins reminded the Europeans how far from home they were. Waiting for the viceregal couple at the railway station were the Calcutta Light-Horse, the 4th Bengal Infantry, and the Viceroy's splendid body-guard, while the Naval Volunteers formed as a special guard on the station platform. A swarm of local and imperial dignitaries came to figure in the great event.

When Lord and Lady Curzon appeared, all were surprised by their commanding figures. He is more than six feet tall, broad and muscular in proportion, and as ruddy as a cricketer. She is correspondingly tall for one of her sex, and yet graceful in every line of her body. "Brilliant" is a word often applied to her. Her dress was described as "exquisite" in the papers on the next day, and from that moment, until her health gave way, every gown she brought out excited flattering comment in the press, and was the topic of each succeeding day among the English women of the capital.

The scene of the actual arrival at the palace is reported as if it were like a little Field of the Cloth of Gold. I have read that one hundred thousand persons witnessed it. A red carpet was flung along the grand staircase and out to the greensward, where it ended at the feet of a hundred scarlet-clad men of the 1st Gloucester Regiment beside their band, whose trumpets shot back the sunlight. Another hundred men, of the Calcutta Rifles, stood near, while at the bottom of the stairs were stationed the splendidly costumed Indians of Lord Curzon's body-guard. From an upper veranda there looked down upon the scene the wife of the last Viceroy, Lady Elgin, her daughters, and a rajah's queen, who was decked like an orchid.

The bright uniforms of the military, the gleaming decorations and gorgeous and bejewelled costumes of the scores of native chiefs, the rich dress of the Political Residents of many states, made other strong patches of color in the many-hued spectacle. The great cannons of Fort William, close at hand, bellowed a welcome to the new rulers of the empire as the Vicereine took the arm of Major Sandbach, and the Viceroy followed her up the royal carpet, along the splendid staircase of granite, with its thick balustrade of greenery and its sentrylike palms at its sides.

Inspired by the scene, Ram Sharma, the poet, wandered home as one in a trance, and there the muse of poesy guided his hand through an ambitious ode, in which he called our queenly American Vicereine the "rose of roses" of her husband. One stanza runs thus:

> Intrepid, wise, accomplish'd peer!
> Regent of Her we love—revere!
> Thee India greets from shore to shore!
> She bids thee, Nature's king of men—
> Ennobled both by birth and brain
> And her, thy rose of roses bright—
> A vision of embodied light—
> All hail! thrice hail! and hail once more!

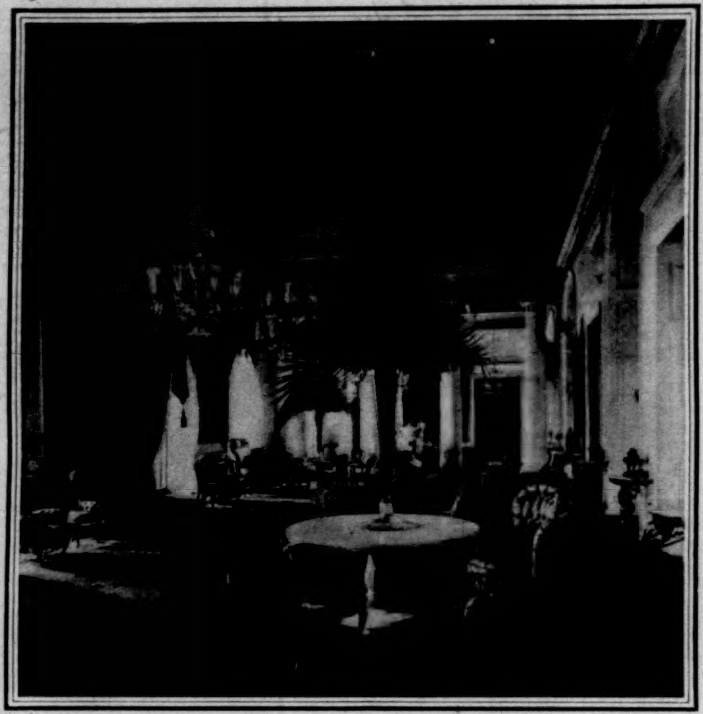
Entering the enormous hall of the palace at Calcutta, with its groups of liveried servants, the visitor is shown into one of several waiting-rooms that are larger than most large drawing-rooms at home, and presently is led through a passage as wide as the main lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and more than twice as long. This is the way up stairs to the main floor, where are to be found the offices of the secretaries, the Council Room from which India is governed, the Throne Room, the private dining-room, and the grand banqueting-hall. The three last-named rooms are, in truth, all one, and are parts of the vast open space which forms that entire story of the centre building, for the whole story is really the Banqueting Hall or the Throne Room, as occasion suits. It is enclosed between columns at the sides, and at the ends by walls so cut by open doorways and arches that neither sight nor movement is obstructed by them.

The space beyond the front inner wall is where the Viceroy and Vicereine breakfast and take lunch. The space at the opposite end or back of the great hall is the Throne Room, and is where they dine when alone. The great central hall is left bare in all its stateliness, and the spaces at the sides are appointed with furniture and ornaments, though I doubt whether they are ever used. The immaculate walls and majestic columns of this hall are of what is call "chunam," a mixture of finely ground shells and cement, which has all the best visible qualities of marble. The floor is of white marble. I have said that the room is bare, but in fact it is richly embellished, not only by its two colonnades, but by several rows of crystal chandeliers. They are very old-fashioned and prim, yet are of great cost, and as brilliant as precious stones. They and the six well-sculptured busts of the Cæsars which stand against the sides of the hall were all intended as presents to the Nizam of Hyderabad from Louis XV. of France, but were captured by the English with the ship which was taking them to India.

The Throne Room, at the end of the Banqueting Hall, is at once the Viceroy's audience-chamber and his family dining-room. Upon a velvet-covered dais, and beneath a royal canopy bearing the lion and the unicorn in massive embroidery of gold and silver, stands the golden throne of the Emperor Tippoo Saib. For graceful proportioning and beauty of design I have seen no throne to compare with it. It expresses wealth, taste, and moderation rather than might. Its shape suggests an open shell, and it is not as large as many an arm-chair one sees in private dwellings. It is of wood, gilded. The Viceroy never uses it except as a foil to his figure, or as a symbol like the royal arms above it. At a levee or private audience he stands before it on the dais. When he is holding a "durbar," or a meeting of native princes, he sits upon a golden throne of English make—a chair whose arms end in lions' heads. You find the real throne pushed into a corner out of the way on 360 days of the year.

Here Lord Curzon held his first levee, soon after taking

ARRIVAL OF LORD AND LADY CURZON IN CALCUTTA.



THE THRONE-ROOM.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE BALL-ROOM.

office, and it was, without exception, the largest Calcutta had ever seen. "The spectacle in the Throne Room was brilliant," the newspapers said, "the red and gold of the staff uniforms being relieved by the more sombre hues of civil and naval full dress, while the large number of splendidly attired native princes was a special feature of the occasion."

The Council Room—the most important chamber in India—is no whit different from any other office of the sort at home (from our own cabinet room in the White House, for instance). It is a small room, containing a large centre table, upon which the portraits in oil of ten famous viceroys, governors, and generals look down from the walls.

The floor above, the third and top story, of the main part of the palace, is mainly given up to the ball-room. It is the finest one in India, and, in all probability, in the eastern half of the globe. It is proportioned so perfectly and designed with such dignified taste that even unoccupied it charms the eye. The floor is of polished teak, the ceiling is carved into deep panelling, and the stately columns at the sides possess the lustre and pure whiteness of statue marble. More of the captured crystal chandeliers break with graceful effect the space between floor and ceiling. Dancing is confined to the central space, between the columns, the band plays at one side, and beyond the opposite row of columns the dancers rest and promenade.

Here the Vicereine held her first Drawing Room, which was the best attended function of the kind which has taken place there in many years. The Vicereine wore a rich gown of white satin brocade, bearing a design of lilies and leaves, and finished with old-rose Venetian point-lace. Her splendid tiara of large diamonds attracted marked attention. Pearls and diamonds were her minor ornaments. She carried a bouquet of white orchids. Three hundred leaders of the military, naval, consular, and commercial circles of the capital were presented to her and to the Viceroy in the Throne Room, and then ascended to the ball-room, where she mingled with them for more than an hour. Her "brilliant beauty once more enslaved Calcutta," wrote G. W. Steevens to his paper.

The drawing-rooms, boudoirs, the study, and the sleeping-rooms of the palace are peculiar only in being proportioned on the same grand scale, with the same loftiness and the same dignified method in their general design, as the public and official rooms and salons. In their furnishings they are modern, and in their minor decoration they are more or less sumptuous, as each viceroy chooses. Each viceroy finds each one of his official homes a mere carpeted house, with its quota of furniture, but stripped of the private treasures brought or collected there by his predecessor. The new-comer heaps each with bric-à-brac or not, his wife gives each the wizard wifely touch of coziness and homelikeness or not; it blazes with flowers, its corners are heaped with cushions, or not—just as it happens. I have not spoken of the paintings which are fixtures upon the walls of the Calcutta Palace. That building is a complete gallery of the portraits of the heroes and rulers of India, mainly—and well—executed in London.

THE DINING-HALL.

THE COUNCIL-ROOM.

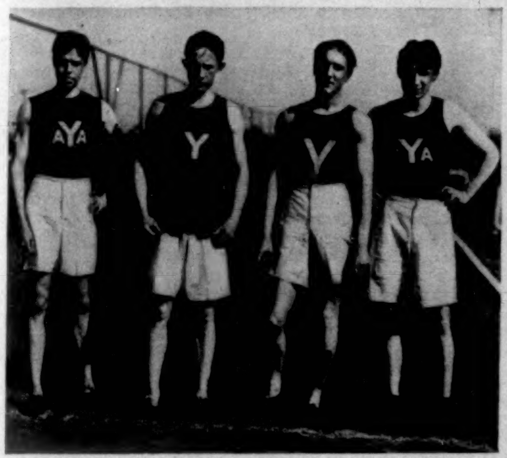
THE VICEREGAL PALACE AT CALCUTTA—THE RESIDENCE OF LORD AND LADY CURZON.

AMATEUR SPORT

WITHOUT comparative figures to guide you, it is difficult to realize the notable betterment of average performance in college track athletics during the last half-dozen years. Individual development, which makes specialists and leads to new records, has been equally remarkable in the same length of time, but not so surprising, for the evolution of the record-breaker is natural. It is the sequence attendant and expected of many athletes and much competition that discloses and cultivates the man of inherent and abnormal proficiency.

And yet some of the recently established records have truly astonished! Who would have thought, in 1891, when Victor Mapes made his broad-jump record (22 ft. 11¼ in.), that another would surpass it by nearly a foot and a half, or that J. L. Bremer's great performance of 24⅗ sec. for the 220 hurdles in 1895 would be bettered a full second three years later? There have been some extraordinary individual performances within three years, and perhaps we have nearly reached the limit, though that has been said too often to be received with confidence.

But the meritorious feature of the athletic development is the large average of high-class performances; the number of men who to-day attain to figures that were reserved for championships only a few years ago. Men who could sprint in even time were scarce formerly; this year, among the entries to the Inter-collegiate Track championships are four men who have run 100 yards in 10 sec., two that have run the 220 flat under 22 sec., and four others who have done the same distance in 22 sec.


M. Scudder. W. D. Brennan. J. P. Adams. H. M. Poynter.

YALE'S WINNING TWO-MILE RELAY TEAM.

WHEN Shattuck (Amherst) won the Inter-collegiate 440 in 49¼ sec., he not only made an Inter-collegiate record that has never been equalled, but won the only Inter-collegiate quarter in time under 50 sec. A quarter-miler who could do 50 sec. used to be regarded with awe. Next Saturday, at Manhattan Field, four men will start in the quarter who have done 49⅘ sec. and better, and there are four others quite equal to doing 50 sec. Five, if not six, men of those who start in the one mile will equal or better 4 min. 30 sec., and a 4 min. 30 sec. miler not so long ago was placed at the top. From 10 ft. 6 in. to 10 ft. 8 in. were winning figures a few years ago in the pole vault, but this year there are no less than five men who have cleared 11 feet, and some of them bettered it by several inches. And so the same story runs through the entire programme—for every first-class man of six years ago there are now four at least, and whereas the second string once was a lot of very mediocre performers, nowadays there is on the average little to choose between the men who secure points and those who just miss places.

ALTHOUGH there are perhaps more certain first-place winners among this year's entries than in any previous year, yet without doubt the Inter-collegiate championship meeting will furnish the closest and most exciting racing we have ever seen. There are half a dozen running events in which the men are so evenly matched that nothing short of actual racing can decide the best man. And this is particularly true of the quarter-mile.

One may judge of the quality of work the day will disclose by considering the entries in the sprints—Tewkesbury, Blount, Jarvis, Quinlan, Long, Roche, Whittemore, Boardman, Green, Gleason, Mulligan, Fisher.

It seems fairly simple to pick from among these the winner of the 100, for I do not believe that any one of the others will be within a yard of Tewkesbury when he breasts the tape, and should the day be fine and the track in the condition it once was, the time is not unlikely to be better than 10 seconds. The second man in the 100 rests among Blount, Quinlan, Jarvis, Roche, and Whittemore, and is a much more difficult choice. Boardman may compete in this event, but he would better husband his strength for the 220 and quarter. He gets going too slowly for the shorter sprint. Long also is down for the 100, but he too will take the edge off his quarter by competing in both sprints, and I doubt if either of these will start in the 100 yds.

Quinlan and Jarvis have each run 100 yards in 10 sec., and Blount and Whittemore have done 10⅕ sec. when better conditions would perhaps have permitted faster time. Roche has always been expected to equal 10 sec., but has never done so yet. Last year Whittemore beat Blount in a trial heat at the Inter-collegiates, but Blount is running with more speed and has greater strength this year. I think he can now beat Whittemore; but as between him and Jarvis it is so close that choice is merest guess or prejudice. I rather fancy Blount, with Jarvis beating Quinlan for third.

HARVARD-YALE MEET—SPITZER WINNING THE MILE RUN.

WHILE I believe Tewkesbury will win the 220 flat, Boardman will get nearer to him than any one else has, either this year or last. And it is not at all improbable that with another year's training and experience Boardman may even make the result of their meeting very uncertain. The Yale man does not get off the mark so fast as the Pennsylvanian; he does not get off fast enough, in fact, but he finishes with a burst of great speed and increasing strength. He should secure second place with certainty, although Quinlan, Long, and Jarvis are so good and so near that Boardman must equal his very best or he will be beaten out. If Quinlan had kept his head to the front and run his race from beginning to end, he might have beaten Boardman at New Haven in the dual meet, for the Yale man passed him like a flash, and won by only six inches on the tape. Quinlan beat Boardman off the mark at New Haven, but he probably will not do so by very much at Manhattan Field; a week of practice will accomplish a lot in this respect. Then there are Jarvis and Long to be reckoned with, and each running in form these days that suggests no end of possibilities. Yet Quinlan's experience ought to count for much, and if he will profit by the lesson Boardman administered he should be at the Yale man's shoulder, with Jarvis and Long struggling for the fourth point.

Fisher is not going so fast this season as was expected of him, and will hardly get a place in either sprint.

BURKE has run so many hard quarter-miles, and is a finisher of such strength and determination, that he seems entitled to first honors next Saturday. Had he been fit and strong all season, I should, without hesitation, write him down a winner; as it is, I am inclined to favor Long, who is very fit, and has been showing this year the best form of his career. He ran one quarter a few weeks ago against a stiffish breeze in 49⅘ sec., and has disclosed occasional bursts that suggest him equal to doing a good second better. Some of those most familiar with his work think he will touch 48 sec., but so many good things go wrong it is not wise to count too much on practice trial heats. Besides, 48 sec. is pretty fast going; much easier of accomplishment to timers than to runners.

If Burke is in as good condition as he was at New Haven, he is pretty sure to defeat Boardman for second place, because he can beat the Yale man on the first fifty yards every time, and this gives him the lead, which means the pole, and a considerable saving of energy and worry on the corners. But if he happens to be a trifle off, the Yale man, who is strong and coming, will be sure to head him. Still, we may perhaps safely count on Burke holding second at least. Jarvis and Hastings appear hardly in the run for the first three places, but ought to make a fine struggle for the fourth. Their records are the same (50⅘ sec.), though the former is not quite so strong as the other, and has a leg somewhat unsound, that may on occasion prove troublesome. Perhaps his nerve will carry him through.

THERE will be a hard, close race to the finish of the half-mile, and an upset, I am inclined to think. Burke may or may not enter; it will make no especial difference one way or the other, I fancy. Cregan is fit, and running as well as he ever has, which is tantamount to saying he is good for 1 m. 58 sec. Naturally he is looked upon as the winner, and there is every good reason for the general opinion that supports his claims. But, somewhat against reason, I confess to feeling that Adams will defeat Cregan for first place. The Yale man is inexperienced compared with Cregan, and his practice-work has not shown such speed, yet he seems to me to have in him the stuff of which runners are made. Cregan is certain to be raced harder than he has ever before been, and I suggest he be particularly cautious against drifting into his usually aggressive style—such carelessness with his elbows, and cutting in front of another when he is not leading by two strides. It would be too bad if the referee found it necessary to disqualify him for fouling.

Bush and Brennan will have quite as exciting a struggle for third place, for although Lane and Mechling and Bray are all good men and equal to about 1 min. 59 sec., yet on the work shown thus far the first two appear to have a bit more speed. Of course there are several other very good men in this and in the other preceding events, with records about equal to those I have chosen for discussion. But space is lacking to take them all into account, and therefore only those are considered from whom, in my judgment, the point-winners are most likely to come.

CREGAN will have another hard, close race in the mile, against Grant, than whom there is no runner on the track with more judgment of pace and of the fitting time to make his effort. Cregan also runs with excellent judgment, so we may be sure of a great race. As the mile run is the first on the programme in which Cregan competes, he will in all probability win it, with something to spare. I should always expect him, when fresh, to beat Grant for a mile. Conversely, I expect Cregan not at his best in the half-mile, which comes after the one and two mile events. Third place in the mile should go to Yale—to Spitzer, whose official record is no better than that of Clark or Mechling or one or two others, but who appears to have the heart of a racer and the steadiness of a veteran.

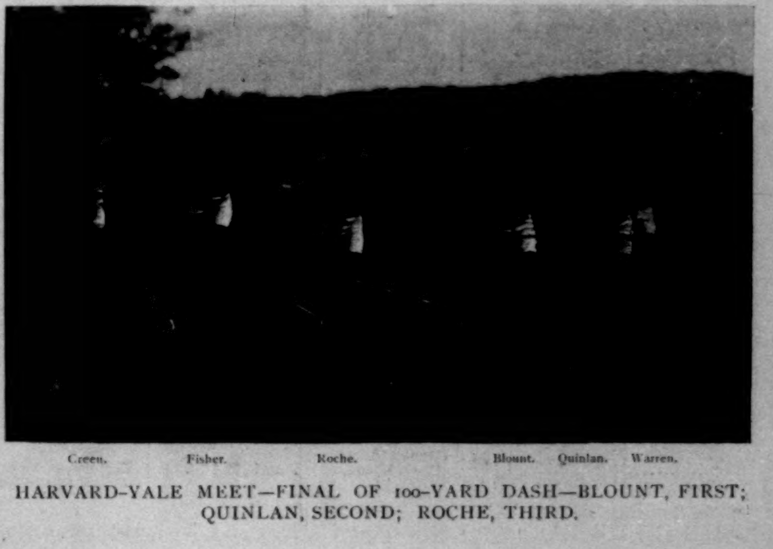
The two-mile race is a new one on the programme, replacing that useless mile walk, which held its place much too long. Grant and Cregan will meet again, and the former seems to have somewhat the better of it by quite a bit in the matter of practice showing. Not a great deal has been done at this distance by college athletes, and the record for a while will no doubt be quite below the Inter-collegiate standard; but the change from the walk is wise, and will be beneficial. We need distance runners; it is the one department in which American athletics is weak.

J. T. ROCHE (CAPT., HARVARD).
100 Yards, 10 1-5 sec.

M. PRINSTEIN (SYRACUSE).
Broad Jump, 23 ft. 8 7-8 in.

Third place on Saturday will be fought out by several who have done very fair work—Spitzer, Palmer, Clyde, Mills, Foote.

DISCUSSION of winners in the hurdle events must be confined to second, third, and fourth places, for Kraenzlein is absolutely certain of winning first in both. Fox and Fincke will make a lively race for second place in the 120, and Fox ought to get it if he performs with the same determination that characterizes the work of the Yale man, who is improving steadily, and is good enough now to take advantage of the slightest let up by Fox.


Green. Fisher. Roche. Blount. Quinlan. Warren.

HARVARD-YALE MEET—FINAL OF 100-YARD DASH—BLOUNT, FIRST; QUINLAN, SECOND; ROCHE, THIRD.

Among Wheeler, Ripley, McKibbin, and Lewis there should be an interesting struggle for fourth place.

There appears to be an exceeding paucity of good men in the low hurdles, and Pennsylvania and Harvard will have it all to themselves—Pennsylvania getting the first place, and Harvard the remaining three, unless perchance Remington or Wheeler beat out Warren for fourth.

IF Yale does not secure ten of the eleven possible points in the pole vault, it will be because of Hurlburt's improvement on any form he has recently revealed. Judged by their public performances and practice-work, there is little fear at New Haven that Clapp, Johnson, and Selin will not do at least as well as they have hitherto. And if they do, three of the places in this event must be credited to the blue. Hurlburt, however, is a vaulter of natural ability and great possibilities; no doubt, under careful training, he would seriously challenge the record. Therefore he must be viewed as a formidable obstacle to Yale's chances of getting second place, but one which Johnson may, with good luck, overcome. Last year this Wesleyan athlete sprained his ankle just before the Inter-collegiate championship, and did not appear.

Deming at this hour gives no indication of exceeding his excellent performance (11 ft.) of the other day, though it will not do for Selin to count too confidently on that height as the Cornell man's limit, else there may be a surprise party in at the struggle for fourth place. The best of all the other pole-vaulters has not got beyond 10 ft. 10 in., so we may look for the distribution of points among these five.

PENNSYLVANIA is practically certain of first place in the high jump with Baxter, and unless Rotch, Morse, and Carroll perform up to their best, Kraenzlein is quite apt to add two or three more points to Pennsylvania's accumulation. High jumpers are so uncertain, indeed, that any distribution of points, so long as Baxter had five, would not be surprising. Waller, Yale's Rough Rider athlete, will probably not jump at all; he is in no condition for gentle practice, much less for the severe and exhausting work of competition. And it is very hard lines on this brave chap, too, that the insatiable Cuban malaria should exact double toll of him.

There is no room for speculation on the first and second place broad-jump winners. Nothing short of a broken leg can keep Kraenzlein from winning first; he has recently increased by one inch his world-record performance (24 ft. 3½ in.) at Philadelphia in April, and I have no doubt will better even that by several inches before he has reached his limit.

INDEED, this extraordinary all-round athlete seems to have no limit. He holds world records, and remarkable records, too, in both hurdles and the broad jump; can run a quarter in 50 sec., and 100 yards in 10¼ sec., and high jump 6 ft. His style is not graceful—rather awkward, in fact—but he has great strength and speed, and legs so long that in the low hurdles he steps over rather than jumps the obstacles! He is over six feet tall, and weighs from about 165 to 170 pounds.

The rapidity of Kraenzlein's improvement is almost as notable as the performances themselves; he has for four, if not five, years been competing—always a first-class athlete of promise, but superior training and handling have disclosed his real ability within two years. In '98, at the Inter-collegiate championships, his best broad jump was 23 ft. 1½in.—a year later he is jumping 24 ft. 4½!

Last year, when Prinstein broke the long-standing Inter-collegiate broad-jump record of 22 ft. 11¼ in. made in '91 by Victor Mapes (Columbia), and the American record of 23 ft. 6½ in. made in '91 at Detroit by C. S. Reber, his performance was considered remarkable, as in point of fact it was. It would have been hard to believe then his name could be replaced on the record table by another jumping nearly one foot farther. And yet at the very next Inter-collegiate championship meeting we are writing him down as a second-place winner! So speed American records and the Yankee athlete!

Third and fourth places seem to belong to Harvard and Pennsylvania, who have men doing from 22 ft. 3 in. to 22 ft. 8 in.; and no other college appears to have so good, although Boettger (Princeton) is usually safe for 22 ft.

McCRACKEN is about as sure of first in the hammer and shot as Kraenzlein is of the same place in the broad jump and the hurdles. No one of the entries can probably come within hailing distance of his world's record throw of 153 ft. 8 in., or within half a dozen feet of his Inter-collegiate record throw (149 ft. 5 in.) which he made last year. It is even suggested that he may considerably better his own figures at this game—placing them close to 160 ft., for instance. Boal will as likely get second place in the hammer. Though his best (138 ft. 6¼ in.) is far below McCracken's, yet it is also considerably above that of any other of the contestants, and the real struggle in this event is destined to be for third and fourth places, with Hare and Clark and Hennen, and, too, possibly, with Welles—who will keep the others up to their work, or replace them. I fancy Hare for third, because he is so much more dependable than Clark, who may be in his best or in his poorest form, and none be the wiser until after the trial.

SECOND place in the shot is quite as much of an open question as it is in any one of the track events. No one will come within three feet of McCracken's Inter-collegiate record put of 43 ft. 8½ in., but several are credited with doing 40 ft., and perhaps one may be pushed into excelling himself. Boettger, McMahon, and Clark have the best records of the candidates for second honors; but if Harvard had only Clark, I fear her chances would be uncertain, though I am not unmindful of his work two or three years ago, when in the Harvard-Pennsylvania dual meet he in a large measure saved the day for Harvard by making the put of his life. Harvard has another uneven performer in Ellis, who may or may not equal his best. Brown seems to me Harvard's more dependable man in this event, and although his record is not quite so good as the others, his work has been more consistent. With three men doing about 40 ft. each, Harvard surely has the most chances for second. But there are Boettger, who is about as good, and McMahon, Francis, Nash, and Glass—all really about even. It is too close to do more than venture a guess.

PROBABLE distribution of the points to be won at the Inter-collegiate Track Championships (May 27), based on individual public performance. The bicycle events not taken into consideration.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 3 points; 3d place, 2 points; 4th place, 1 point.	Pennsylvania.	Yale.	Harvard.	Princeton.	Columbia.	Syracuse.	Wesleyan.
100-yard dash	5	3	1	2			
220-yard dash	5	3	2		1		
440-yard run		2	3	1	5		
880-yard run		6	2	3			
1-mile run	3	3		5			
2-mile run	5	2		4			
120-yard hurdles	5	2	3	1			
220-yard hurdles	5		6				
Pole vault		9					2
High jump	5		4	2			
Broad jump	7		1			3	
16-lb. hammer	7		4				
16-lb. shot	6		3	2			
	53	30	29	20	6	3	2

NOT the smallest doubt exists as to which university will win the championship. Pennsylvania could not possibly lose it—unless Tewkesbury or Kraenzlein or McCracken should break down. Last year she won by an overwhelming score, and it looks this year as if her triumph would be even more emphatic, though the score will not be correspondingly greater, as the added glory will come through first-place winning. Last year Pennsylvania won seven first places—on Saturday she is practically sure of eight, with an excellent chance for a ninth. Her score, in all probability, will be in the neighborhood of 20 points greater than the second university.

If first-place winner in the championships is so manifest, second place is more than doubtful. I do not remember a year when there was so little to choose between two contestants for second honors. The struggle, in my judgment, will be between Harvard and Yale; but a few unexpected points would bring Princeton into the running quickly, and with good luck dispose of Yale's chances for second or even third place.

LIKELY POINT-WINNERS IN THE INTER-COLLEGIATE TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS, MANHATTAN FIELD, MAY 27.

Event.	Pennsylvania.	Harvard.	Yale.	Princeton.	Miscellaneous.
100 yards	Tewkesbury, .10.	Quinlan, .10 1-5. Roche, .10 1-5.	Blount, .10 1-5.	Jarvis, .10 1-5.	Whittemore, .10 1-5, Syracuse.
220 yards	Tewkesbury, .21 3-5.	Quinlan, .22 1-5. Green.	Boardman, .22. Gleason.	Jarvis, .22 2-5.	Long, .22, Columbia. Mulligan, .22 2-5, Georget'n.
440 yards		Burke, .49.	Boardman, .49 4-5.	Jarvis, .50 4-5.	Long, .49 4-5, Columbia. Hastings, .50 4-5, Cornell.
880 yards	Lane, 1.59. Mechling.	Bush, 1.58. Burke.	Adams, 1.57 4-5. Brennan, 1.58 2-5.	Cregan, 1.58 2-5.	Bray, 1.59 2-5, Williams.
1-mile run	Grant, 4.24. Mechling, 4.30.	Clark, H., 4.29 1-5.	Spitzer, 4.30. Clyde.	Cregan, 4.23 3-5.	
2-mile run	Grant, 10.2.	Clark, H. White. Mack. Foote.	Spitzer. Clyde. Smith.	Cregan. Palmer.	
120-yard hurdles.	Kraenzlein, .15 1-5.* McKibbin.	Fox, .16. Hallowell.	Fincke, .16 1-5.	Wheeler, .16 1-5.	Ripley, .16 2-5, Cornell. Lewis, .16 1-5, Syracuse.
220-yard hurdles.	Kraenzlein, .23 3-5.*	Converse, .25 3-5. Hallowell. Warren.			
Pole vault	Colkett, 10.10. Deakin.		Clapp, 11.10.* Johnson, 11.6. Selin, 11.3.	Moore, 10.6.	Hurlburt, 11.6 1-2, Wesleyan. Deming, 11. Cornell.
High jump	Baxter, 6.3 1-8. Kraenzlein, 6.	Rotch, 6.1 3-4. Morse, 6.1. Rice, 6.1-8. Ellis, 6.		Carroll, 6.1 3-4.	
Broad jump	Kraenzlein, 24.4 1-2.* McClain, 22.8.	Daly, 22.3.			Prinstein, 23.7 3-8,† Syracuse.
Hammer	McCracken, 153.8.* Hare, 129.	Boal, 138. Clark, E., 127. Hennen, 125.			Welles, 123.7 3-4, Columbia.
Shot	McCracken, 43.8 1-2.† McMahon, 40.10.	Brown, 39.9 1-2. Clark, E., 40.4 1-2. Ellis, 40.1.	Francis, 39.6 3-4.	Boettger, 40.6 3-4.	Nash, 39.4 1-2, Columbia. Glass, 39.7 1-2, Syracuse.

* World's record.

† Inter-collegiate record.

PRINCETON'S gain will be Yale's loss. I do not quite see how Yale can get above 30 points, and Princeton might pull her down to 25 and either tie or beat her out for third. For instance, Princeton's possibilities are Cregan's win of the half-mile,—which would add 2 to her own score and take 3 from Yale; Cregan's win of the two mile,—to take another point off Yale; and the picking up of one extra point each in the high jump and shot.

On the other hand, Yale is more certain of her points in the sprints than Harvard, and she has better chances in the middle distances. But with Princeton's rise in the half and the two mile, Yale's chance of getting second place will be lost.

At first glance it looks as if Harvard's resources were greater and the Cambridge team's chances better for winning out in the race for second honors. But though the crimson team is the most evenly developed and of greatest all-round strength of all the universities entered, yet Yale seems to be surer of the events upon which she depends for her points.

AND yet so many things may happen to change the order of finishers in several of the important events! It seems to me I never discussed running events that contained such a bewildering variety of possible results. Yale has a hold on second place—a fragile hold, to be sure, but a hold none the less. Her men must do all expected of them, and everything go her way, for Yale to win second.

Harvard is more comfortable. The smallest good luck for her or the slightest ill luck to Yale will throw her into second place. She can hardly get less than 27 points, and there are possibilities of her winning a point here and there by the fullest development of her team, until she has gained eight more than now given her, or made a total score of 37. It will be a great struggle—will that for second place between Harvard and Yale.

THE Inter-collegiate Association has made an unusual effort this year not only to provide superior accommodations, but to infuse a responsive spirit into New-Yorkers. The number of spectators at these games for the past three or four years has been entirely disproportionate to the quality of athletic performance; it has been, indeed, absurdly small. This year Manhattan Field has been chosen because of its accessibility, and the most expert talent employed to put track and field in the best condition.

The sport this year will be of the highest class; and if the games are not better patronized than hitherto, they will another year be held in Philadelphia, where Franklin Field is properly equipped for such a meeting, and the people appreciative of high-class sport.

PENNSYLVANIA not only won all the honors of college baseball last week, but showed quite the highest quality game of any Eastern university nine. And the more credit is due Pennsylvania because she began the season under perhaps greatest discouragement. At first there were much unsteadiness and poor scores, but soon evidences of good ball to come began to appear here and there in games otherwise indifferently played, and by the first week in May the nine had settled. Defeats of Brown (4–3) and Lehigh (8–7) were suggestive, and by the time Cornell had been twice beaten (6–4 and 8–0) Pennsylvania was playing good ball.

There was a little luck in the Georgetown game, but Pennsylvania's play was the better, and she won (14–11) entirely on the merits of her work. As Georgetown has defeated Yale, Harvard, and Princeton twice each, Pennsylvania's victory may be taken as evidence of good ball and not luck. On Saturday Pennsylvania defeated Harvard (3–0) in the very best game that has been played by college teams this season. Each side made four hits. Harvard made only two errors, and Pennsylvania not one. Harvard, too, showed much improvement on her recent work, and if she keeps up the form displayed Saturday and gets more aggression into her batting, she may beat Princeton Saturday (27th) at Cambridge. Although, until Harvard attains greater and more dependable strength in that direction, her chances against Princeton or Yale are not encouraging.

Princeton fell off somewhat last week, being beaten by Brown (3–6) and Cornell (5–7) in games highly creditable to Brown and Cornell. Yale has met no strong nine recently, and we must await her showing against Georgetown (22d); she, however, keeps up her batting, and Cook is improving in the box.

At present Yale and Pennsylvania are the strongest nines among Eastern universities. Pennsylvania's battery has developed into a workmanlike combination; the team bats fairly, but the feature of its work is freedom from error-making. Princeton is too prone to slovenly play. Yale's strength is in batting, the fielding and battery being only fair. Harvard's trouble is lack of steam in base-running and aggression at the bat.

SOME weeks ago, in commenting on the condition of sport at Virginia and North Carolina universities, I incidentally alluded to St. Albans School as one at which Collier (a present member of Virginia's athletic teams, and whose sporting itinerary I was exploiting) had been engaged as a "master," and upon whose football eleven he had played in the course of his tour of Southern institutions. I find now that Collier was not engaged as a "master" at St. Albans (the fact of his being a student monitor having misled me), and that my allusion to the school has been misinterpreted. It was in no sense my thought to intimate that St. Albans engaged masters primarily for their athletic ability, or that the school inordinately sought scholars of athletic proficiency.

St. Albans, in common with many other preparatory schools, has had as masters college men of unusual athletic ability, but there is cause for praise rather than for slurs in such a course. The teacher whose sphere of usefulness spreads from class-room to play-ground is the master upon whom we may safest depend to give our boys manly as well as scholarly attainments.

I take pains to make this explanation because, while I am frank and unsparing where criticism is merited, I value fairness above all else, and language that lends itself to misinterpretation is a measure of unfairness. Hence this second paragraph. CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION."—BY W. J. HENDERSON.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, $1 00.—HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

Diary of the Revolt

Wednesday, May 10.—The manager of the Manila-Dagupan Railway and two of his assistants, who had remained within the Filipino lines to protect the property of the railway company, arrived at San Fernando. They reported that the Filipino soldiers were looting the homes of the natives, from whom they received little support.

Thursday, May 11.—Despatches from General Otis described the situation as follows: "Succeeded in passing army gunboats to Calumpit for use in the Rio Grande; railway connections with that point secured this week; passage of gunboats through Macabebe country hailed with joyful demonstrations by the inhabitants. . . . In country passed over by troops temporary civil administration inaugurated and protection to inhabitants against insurgent abuses given as far as possible. Signs of insurgent disintegration daily manifested. Obstacles which natural features of the country present can be overcome. The volunteer organizations first to return are now in Negros [Island] and forty-five miles from Manila at the front. Expected that transports now arriving will take returning volunteers. Volunteers understand that they will begin to leave for the United States the latter part of the month; know the importance of their presence here at this time, and accept the sacrifice which the interests of the United States make imperative. The *Hancock* is now entering the harbor."

The *Hancock* had on board the Twenty-first Infantry and Light Battery E, First Artillery—39 officers and 1451 men—under command of Colonel Jacob Kline.

In the province of Cavité, south of Manila, native troops were fortifying and intrenching the principal towns.

The natives at Zamboanga, island of Mindanao, demanded the surrender of the Spanish garrison at that place. The Spaniards refused to surrender, whereupon the natives made a brisk attack upon them, using quick-firing guns and arms captured from Spanish gunboats. The Spanish commander, four other officers, and three soldiers were wounded, and one private killed.

Friday, May 12.—An Associated Press despatch, sent *viâ* Hong-kong, stated that the men of the First Nebraska Regiment had prepared a respectful memorial to General MacArthur, asking that their regiment might be withdrawn for a short time from the fighting-line. "The memorial says that the men are willing to fight, but are in no condition to do so, owing to the strain of long marching, continual fighting, and outpost duty in which they have been engaged. . . . Since February 2 the regiment has lost 225 men in killed and wounded, and 59 since the battle of Malolos." Only about 300 members of the organization were fit for duty. They had been worked beyond endurance.

This despatch only emphasized the need of a much larger American force in the Philippines. It had long been apparent to careful students of the situation that, if the war continued and was to be prosecuted vigorously, General Otis would require many additional regiments, not only to make good our losses and to relieve the men on the fighting-line from time to time, but to maintain communication with Manila as the columns advanced further into the interior, and (most vital point of all) to constitute a strong reserve which might be sent to the assistance of Lawton or MacArthur if the Filipinos should succeed in surrounding either of our aggressive divisions. General Otis took advantage of the re-enforcement arriving on the *Hancock* to send two battalions of the Seventeenth Infantry to San Fernando, and two companies of the Ninth Infantry, with one gun, to join Lawton's command.

The Filipino Congress sitting at San Isidro was composed, according to a despatch received *viâ* London, of fifty-six members, of whom twenty favored peace, while an equal number were irreconcilables, and the remaining sixteen were in favor of demanding better terms from the United States.

Saturday, May 13.—Aguinaldo withdrew a portion of his troops from San Isidro northward, for the purpose of avoiding Lawton's column and establishing the Filipino headquarters in "almost inaccessible mountains, inhabited by savages who use poisoned arrows—a region such that it will be absolutely impossible for the Americans to follow him there." He asserted that he had never offered to negotiate for surrender, and did not intend to, his design being to maintain his defensive tactics until the next session of the American Congress. Before abandoning his temporary capital at San Isidro, he ordered all foreigners to leave the Filipino lines within forty-eight hours, alleging as a motive for this action, which affected principally English and German commercial men, the desire to avoid such damaging statements as those of the railway official mentioned under date of May 10. A recent letter from Aguinaldo to the Tagálog General Trias, who was in command of the Filipinos south of the Pasig River, contained the expression, "I fear that the long warfare which will be necessary *to conquer the United States* will drain the country's resources too much."

The Filipino forces north of Manila at this time were divided between three separate commands. One brigade was reported to be "intrenched so close to San Fernando as to make life in that city uncomfortable," and in the same despatch it was admitted that "the United States troops have advanced so far that the question of transportation [of supplies from Manila] has become the great problem." A new though surely not an unforeseen element of difficulty was referred to in these terms: "Among the thousands of pretended friendly natives who have been returning to their homes behind the American lines there are some who make the zone unsafe unless Americans go well armed and in parties. Soldiers going about alone are frequently fired upon. During the last week it has been found necessary to send guards with wagons and ambulances, and several attempts have been made to wreck trains by placing obstructions upon the railway track."

Lieutenant Reyes, representing the Filipino General Gregorio Pilar, requested a conference with the Philippines Commissioners.

Twenty American scouts, supported by two companies of the Minnesota and Oregon regiments from Lawton's command, flanked the enemy at San Ildefonso, just north of Maasim, and captured the town. The Filipinos retreated northward to San Miguel de Mayumo. Captured records showed that twenty per cent. of the opposing Filipino force had been killed or wounded since Lawton's advance began.

Sunday, May 14.—From Ildefonso Lawton proceeded to San Miguel, which he took with slight loss, driving a considerable force of the enemy. General Otis cabled the Adjutant-General at Washington that "gunboats and *cascos* [large square-ended lighters] will accompany 1500 men under Major Kobbe up the Rio Grande de la Pampanga from Calumpit. MacArthur remains at San Fernando."

The army gunboats *Laguna de Bay* and *Cavadonga* and a launch were attacked by Filipinos concealed in the jungle on both sides of the Rio Grande three miles above Calumpit. A sergeant belonging to the Utah Battery was killed and one private was wounded. The Americans succeeded in driving the natives from their position after killing a score or more with rapid-fire guns.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

SUMMER FEEDING

FOR infants necessitates the greatest caution and careful study of conditions. Care in diet, first and last. The use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has largely simplified this problem. Beware of unknown brands. Get the Best.—[*Adv.*]

A GOOD REWARD.

A SCHOOL-MISTRESS conceived an original idea. Her scholars only dreamed of amusements, and in spite of all her efforts the good mistress could obtain neither good behavior nor good work. One day, on opening her class, she said to her pupils: "Young ladies, those among you who, during this entire week, will prove themselves studious and who will have had no bad marks, will receive as a recompense a bottle of FUNKIA DU JAPON, a perfume such as you have never smelled before, the most delicate of the renowned Parisian perfumer ORIZA-LEGRAND [sold by all perfumers and druggists]." The result was that the school-mistress at the end of the week had not a sufficient supply of bottles to satisfy the claimants.—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

BUY it and try it if you want a delicious wine with a beautiful bouquet—COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE.—[*Adv.*]

STANDS the test of time as a nerve tonic—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, never fails to strengthen. —[*Adv.*]

FOR looseness of bowels DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a positive specific.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Victor
Bicycles
$40
Why Not Ride
THE BEST?
OVERMAN WHEEL CO.
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

At the
North
Pole
ADMIRAL
MARKHAM

Admiral Markham of the British Navy is but one of several distinguished contributors to the five June numbers of . .

The
Youth's
Companion

Every issue of The Companion contains something of interest to every member of the family. . . .

Sample Copies Free.
Subscription price $1.75 a year.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
BOSTON, MASS.

THE AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH Company guarantees every watch-movement it turns out against any defect in material or construction. That guaranty holds good the world over. One *WALTHAM* movement, the *"RIVERSIDE"* is within the reach of every one; it will keep accurate time and will last a lifetime Any retail dealer will supply this movement in any quality of case desired either for ladies or gentlemen

For sale by all retail jewelers

"The Perfected American Watch," an illustrated book of interesting information about watches, sent free on request.

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH CO., WALTHAM, MASS.

Capstan Cigarettes
Three Castle Cigarettes
MADE BY
W. D. & H. O. WILLS
BRISTOL, ENGLAND
For sale by all first-class dealers.
J. W. SURBRUG, Agent, 204 Broadway, New York

Have You Seen Harper's Portrait Catalogue

of distinguished and popular Authors (217 portraits)? 3000 books described and classified under History, Travel, and Description; Biography; Fiction; Literature; Fine Arts; Useful Arts; Science; Languages; Sociology; Religion; Philosophy, etc. *Write for it.* Sent free upon receipt of postage (10 cents). Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York, N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS
Quickly cure stomach troubles brought on by heat and overwork.

THE CELEBRATED
PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist.
SOHMER
PIANOS and the refined musical public
New York Warerooms, SOHMER BUILDING, 170 5th Ave. Cor. 22d Street.
CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. S-O-H-M-E-R
THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

T. E. BURKE (HARVARD).
440 Yards, 49 sec.

C. B. SPITZER (YALE).
1 Mile, 4 min. 30 sec.

J. P. ADAMS (YALE).
880 Yards, 1 min. 57 4-5 sec.

A. GRANT (PENN.).
1 Mile, 4 min. 24 sec.

F. W. JARVIS (PRINCETON).
100 Yards, 10 sec.

A. C. KRAENZLEIN (PENN.).
Broad Jump, 24 ft. 4 1-2 in.
220-Yard Hurdles, 25 3-5 sec.

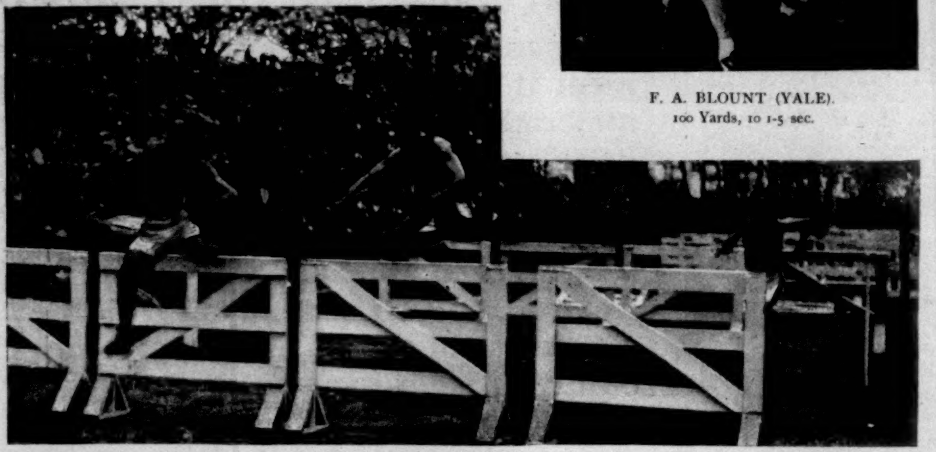
I. K. BAXTER (PENN.).
High Jump, 6 ft. 3 1-2 in.

M. LONG (COLUMBIA).
440 Yards, 49 4-5 sec.

DIXON BOARDMAN (YALE).
440 Yards, 49 4-5 sec.

F. A. BLOUNT (YALE).
100 Yards, 10 1-5 sec.

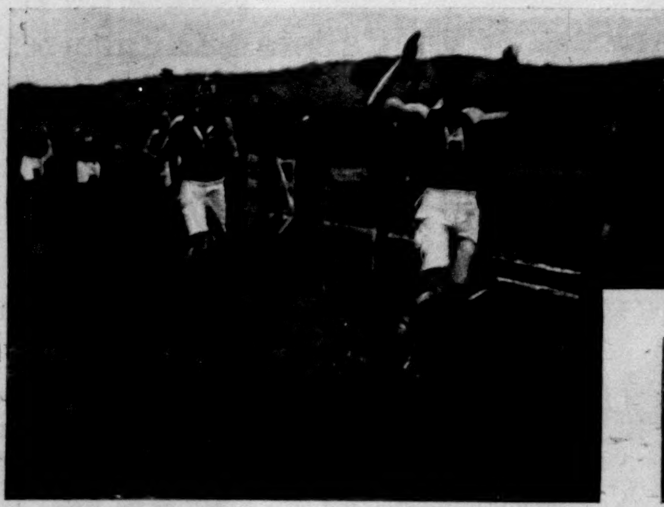
T. R. FISHER, 2D (CAPTAIN, YALE).
220 Yards, 22 1-5 sec.



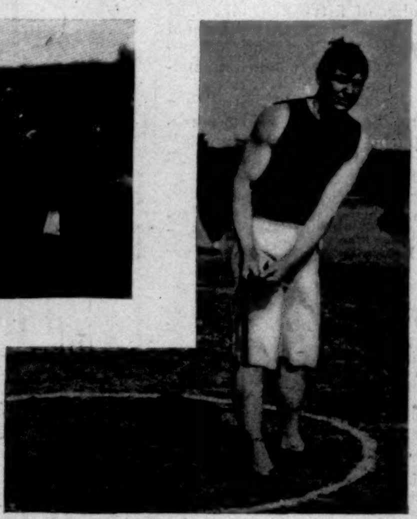
FOX (HARVARD) WINNING THE 120-YARD HURDLE EVENT; FINCKE (YALE) SECOND; CONVERSE (HARVARD) THIRD.

J. W. B. TEWKESBURY (PENN.).
100 Yards, 10 sec. 220 Yards, 21 3-5 sec.

J. F. CREGAN (CAPTAIN, PRINCETON).
1 Mile, 4 min. 23 3-5 sec.

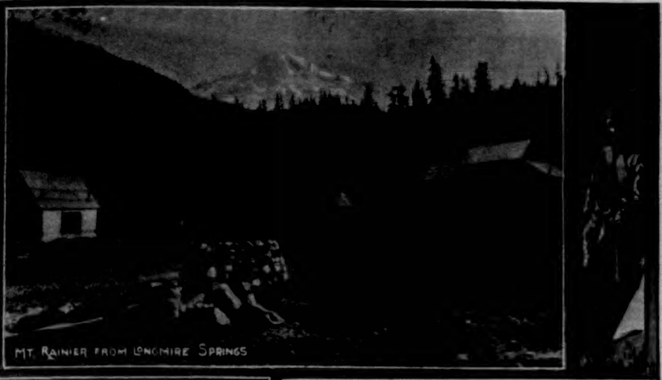


BURKE (HARVARD) WINNING 440-YARD RUN; BOARDMAN (YALE) SECOND; LUCE (YALE) THIRD.



J. C. McCRACKEN (PENN.).
16-lb. Hammer, 153 ft. 8 in.

THE ATHLETES WHO WILL WIN POINTS AT THE INTER-COLLEGIATE TRACK CHAMPIONSHIP, MAY 27—MANHATTAN FIELD.—[SEE PAGE 531.]



LONE STAR GEYSER YELL. PARK

3

TYPES OF

RECREATION

indicated here

During your VACATION you can CLIMB MOUNTAINS, visit YELLOWSTONE PARK or enjoy CAMP LIFE at some of the beautiful lakes or mountain streams in the elevated, healthful west, reached via the

ON THE BITTER ROOT RIVER MONTANA

NORTHERN
PACIFIC
RAILWAY

Send me Six Cents for our new WONDERLAND '99 and see what a GRAND REGION our line penetrates.

YELLOWSTONE
PARK
SEASON

JUNE 15th
to
SEPT. 15th

CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. A.
St. Paul, Minn.

A Thousand Days in the Arctic

is the narrative of one of the most remarkable expeditions ever undertaken in the search for the North Pole. It was in 1894 that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth fitted out the *Windward* and placed her under the command of the well-known explorer, Mr. Frederick G. Jackson. The chief object of the expedition was to ascertain whether or not the Pole could be reached by way of Franz-Josef Land, which has always been thought to be the southern projection of an Arctic continent. It is in deciding this most important question that Mr. Jackson has made a most valuable contribution to geographical science, and has established his position as one of the foremost explorers of his time.

Copiously Illustrated from Photographs. Maps. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $6 00

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York and London

ELECTRIC

LAUNCHES

Newest Types
Motive power below flooring.

Safe No Heat
Simple No Smoke
Reliable No Smell

Fully Guaranteed

Can't Explode Can't Sink

CAN BE

USED EVERYWHERE

WITH OUR NEW

PORTABLE CHARGING PLANT

Illustrated Catalogue mailed on request.

The Electric Launch Company
Morris Heights, New York City

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium,
Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, - N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

THIS AUTOGRAPH IS NEVER ON A POOR SHADE-ROLLER AND NEVER ABSENT FROM A GOOD ONE.

Stewart Hartshorn

GET THE GENUINE

HARTSHORN

CUFFS HELD...

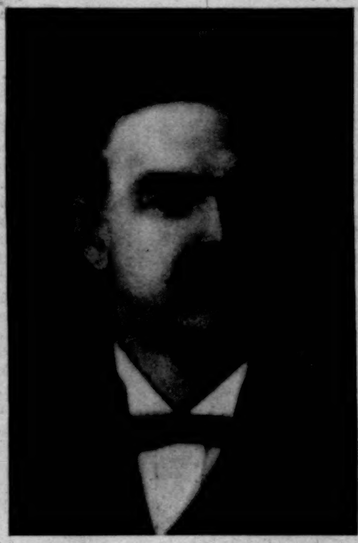
with the Improved Washburne Patent Cuff Holders can be placed just where you want them; will never slip, but may be instantly released. Drawers Supporters, easily adjusted or taken off—excellent for holding golf trousers. By mail, 20c. the pair. ☞ Catalogue *showing these and other novelties, free.*

AMERICAN RING CO.,
Box 80, Waterbury, Conn.

To Succeed Dingley

THE Second District Republican Convention, meeting at Lewiston, Maine, on May 11, unanimously nominated Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, of Rockland, to represent the district in Congress, as Nelson Dingley's successor.

Mr. Littlefield was born in Lebanon, York County, Maine, on June 21, 1851. His father, the Rev. W. H. Littlefield, was pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Lebanon at the time of Charles's birth, but soon afterwards moved to Rockland, and subsequently held charges at Vinalhaven, Weeks Mills, and elsewhere, the son receiving a public-school education at these various places, and working as a carpenter and foreman. Under the direction of his father, Charles pursued higher studies than those which were prescribed at the schools; he also succeeded in saving from his wages enough money to enable him in 1874 to begin the study of the law in the office of Rice & Hall. He was admitted to the bar in 1876, and at once engaged in active practice with General J. P. Cilley. In 1885 he was elected Representative to the Legislature of the State, and served during several terms; he has also held local offices in the city of Rockland. In the practice of his profession, especially in the discharge of his duties as Attorney-General, he won distinction as a man of ability and energy, as well as an eloquent speaker. The Second Maine District being overwhelmingly Republican, the nomination by the convention is regarded as equivalent to an election.



CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD.

The Hospital-Ship "Missouri"

THE photographs reproduced on page 519 give an idea of the *Missouri*, which, after saving more lives than any other vessel in the history of commerce, was transformed into the most complete hospital-ship the world has ever known. It seems almost impossible that one freighter could have accomplished so much for mercy and humanity, but the *Missouri* rescued almost a thousand persons from sinking and disabled ships; she carried gratuitously food for 30,000 people in the Russian famine; and she transported between one and two thousand patients and hospital attachés in the war with Spain. It seems to have been her fate to do good, and the story of how she became a hospital-ship is worth telling. Surgeon-General Sternberg, in a conversation with Mr. B. N. Baker, of Baltimore, deplored his difficulty in securing ships of the right kind for transporting the sick and wounded. Mr. Baker, whose patriotism had been shown in other instances, offered to give the use of a ship fully manned free of all expense to the government, and to maintain her as long as she might be needed. He suggested the *Missouri*, being moved thereto by her record in life-saving. The offer meant such an outlay that the Surgeon-General could not at first realize that it was made in good faith, and it was only when it was renewed that he appreciated that Mr. Baker meant all he said. The result was a joyful acceptance. Within less than a month the *Missouri*, coaled and ready for sea, her crew and officers newly uniformed for the service, and all without consideration, was turned over to the government. The British flag, under which she had been sailing, was hauled down. Most of the officers and seamen applied for American citizenship, and the stars and stripes were raised. Then began a ser-

(*Continued on page 536.*)

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle

Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke

is the most satisfying pipe tobacco you can buy. It satisfies your taste, your comfort and your "pocket." It costs less than one tenth of what you are now paying for cigars of doubtful origin, and is clean, pure and wholesome. For sale everywhere.

A liberal sample—enough for a proper trial of Yale Mixture—will be mailed prepaid anywhere for 25 cts. Send postage stamps.

Marburg Bros., The American Tobacco Co., Successor, Baltimore, Md.

One Reason that so many men are now smoking

VAN BIBBER

Little Cigars

is, that they are the most satisfactory short smoke for all times and all places. For this reason they are economical and appeal to every smoker's common sense—through his pocket! They are little cigars, made with all the expert care and of the very highest grade of imported whole leaf tobacco used for the most expensive cigars.

Try one bundle of 10.

You will find many uses for them when you know them. At all dealers—or trial package of 10 will be sent by return mail in souvenir pocket pouch on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

A Solid Silver curved box worth $15.00 made to hold 10 Van Bibber Little Cigars given FREE! Write for fac-simile booklet of all particulars.

H. Ellis & Co., Baltimore, Md.
The American Tobacco Co., Successor.

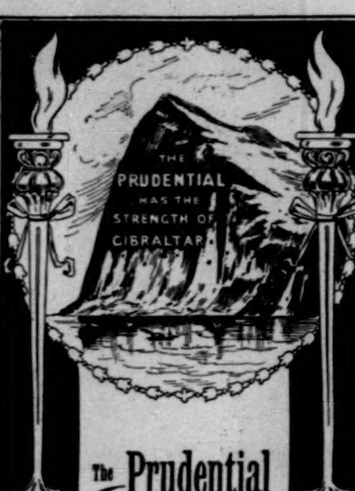
FATIGUE

and lassitude so common in midsummer are promptly relieved by

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Genuine bears name Horsford's on wrapper.

FINE BLOODED CATTLE, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send stamps for catalogues. 150 engravings.
N. P. BOYER & CO., - Coatesville, Pa.


THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

The Prudential

issues an attractive form of Life Insurance, known as the participating

"LIMITED PAYMENT LIFE"

policy on which the number of Annual Premiums to be paid are limited (as Five, Ten, Fifteen, or Twenty) while the Insurance continues for life.

This policy is profit-sharing, the cost is moderate, and all the rights of the policy-holder under it are absolutely protected both during life and after death.

Write to us, stating your age nearest birthday, and we will send specimen policy and full information free.

AMOUNTS $500 to $50,000.

THE PRUDENTIAL
Insurance Co. of America
JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres't.
Home Office: NEWARK, N.J.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

Kodak

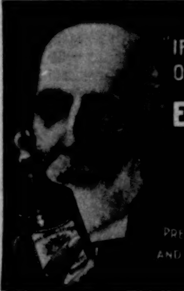
Simplicity and Kodak Quality created the standard by which all cameras are measured.

That's why the clerk says: "It's as good as a Kodak," when trying to sell an inferior camera.

Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00.

Eastman Kodak Co.

Kodak Catalogues free of dealers or by mail. Rochester, N. Y.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
"IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN OF THIS YEARS AGO"
ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE
PRESERVES THE HAIR CLEANSES THE SCALP AND KEEPS IT FREE FROM DANDRUFF.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Don't fail to try
BEECHAM'S PILLS
when suffering from any bad condition of the Stomach or Liver.
10 cents and 25 cents, at drug stores.

(Continued from page 535.)

vice which makes one of the brightest pages in the whole war. There is not a blot upon it. Much was said about the Medical Department of the army in Cuba, but this is the other side of the picture, showing what competent men could do and did do with the sick and the wounded when they had the right sort of facilities.

The *Missouri's* keel was laid on the 25th of June, 1888, and she sailed January 29, 1889, a stanch steel ship 320 feet long, 41 feet beam, 25 feet depth, 4200 tons burden, and with powerful triple-expansion engines. Her motto was that of the State after which she was named, "Salus populi suprema lex," and the safety of people has always been her supreme law and destiny. After a successful trip to America she started on her second voyage, encountering severe storms. Eight days out from London she saw a signal of distress. The *Danmark*, of Copenhagen, bound for New York, with a crew of 70 and 665 passengers, had broken her shaft, and there was a hole in her bottom. First the *Missouri* tried to tow the *Danmark*, but ice increased the difficulties, and the climax came in the signal, "Am sinking; take off my people." On the *Missouri* were accommodations for twenty extra people only, but Captain Murrell did not hesitate. He threw his cargo overboard, and while that was being done he thought of plans. He had seen a shipwrecked mother and daughter pulled on deck in a heavy sea by slinging a coal-basket with ropes over the side of the ship. Then began the most famous rescue of modern times. The sea was high, the work seemingly impossible. But they did it. First the babies, twenty-two of them; then the little girls, one of whom delayed a boat by running back to get a rag doll; then the women, and finally the men—and the matter-of-fact log reads thus: "At 4.30 P.M. last boat, containing captain and officers of *Danmark*, came off, thus completing the transfer in 5½ hours, making a total of 735 people taken on board without a single accident." And the little mite who came after these were safely stored in the ship was christened Atlanta Missouri Linne. "And Every Soul Was Saved," illustrating the deed, painted by a member of the National Academy, is one of the historical works of the century. Thirty decorations and presentations from kings and people, with gold medals and cash gifts and banquets, followed. Prince Bismarck wrote a letter of cordial praise. The President of the United States eulogized the sacrifice of the cargo. Who was to pay for this cargo? The owners of the ship announced they would stand the loss, and the insurance companies promptly offered to pay, and, to cap the climax, the owners of the cargo refused to accept a cent—an instance of great-souled manhood all around. In 1891 and 1892, when Russia's famine was at its worst, the millers of the Northwest offered a cargo of flour, and it was accepted by the Russian government—altogether 5,000,000 pounds, $100,000 worth, of flour, and two train-loads of corn, from 450 cities, towns, and counties in twenty-five States. The *Missouri* took all this and more absolutely free to Russia, and the food filled 241 cars and fed 30,000 people, and the government presented to the ship handsome acknowledgments. Her fate continued. She rescued the steamship *Delaware*, towing her 700 miles to Halifax, and the *Bertha*, towing her to Barry, England, making a total of lives to her credit of nearly one thousand, not one of whom was lost.

Sentiment as well as patriotism turned such a ship into a messenger of mercy, and prompt appreciation rushed its gifts for her perfection. In making the *Missouri* the largest personal generosity of the war, Mr. Baker encouraged giving, so that results of an interesting kind speedily followed. "The patriotic societies soon heard of the hospital-ship being fitted up, and immediately offered assistance," said Major William H. Arthur, U.S.A., who as surgeon and officer afterwards commanded her. "The National Red Cross Committee gave an ice-making and refrigerating plant, a steam-laundry, carbonating apparatus, a large steam-disinfector, a steam-launch, electric fans, a complete telephone system, and an enormous supply of clothing and delicacies for the sick. Another steam-launch was given by the Daughters of the American Revolution. An X-ray apparatus was given by the Society of the Colonial Dames of America, and the Woman's National Relief Association gave four perfectly equipped electrical diet or ward kitchens." (These kitchens are the gifts attributed and due to Miss Helen Gould, about which so much has been said and written.) Of course the problem of fitting up a complete hospital inside of the steel shell of the ship had to be solved, and how it was done is best told in the sententious words of Major Arthur: "Two decks were available for wards. They were thoroughly cleaned, sheathed, ceiled, floored, and painted, plumbing and heating apparatus put in place, beds of an approved pattern made for the purpose set up in the wards, and store-rooms, kitchens, operating-room, dispensary, and so on, built and equipped."

Inside and outside, alow and aloft, the transformation was complete. The cattle-ship became a thing of beauty, comfort, and elegance. The hull was resplendent in white paint with the broad green band—the colors adopted by the Geneva Peace Congress. The

(Continued on page 537.)

What's Best?
Hunter Whiskey
of course.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

FOX'S PATENT SPAT-PUTTEE
For { Golfing, Shooting, Hunting, Riding, Bicycling, Fishing, } Etc.

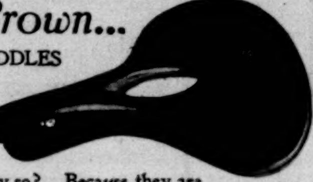
The most practical and comfortable form of leg protector yet produced

For Men and Women.

Fox's Patent Puttee is a Spat and Puttee combined, so that they form one continuous piece. By an ingenious arrangement for fastening, the same pair of spats **will fit any boot or shoe**, while the Puttee will fit any leg.

Can be worn with or without stockings and put on over trousers. Quickly adjusted, as there are **no buttons**. All wool and waterproofed, and on account of their elasticity they adapt themselves to the shape of the leg. Easily dried or cleansed. Recommended by the medical profession as a unique support for the leg, and invaluable for varicose veins. Can be had in the following shades: kharkee, dark brown, navy blue, and a variety of mixtures. Write for illustrated circular, and shade-card.

PRICE $5.00 per pair.
Sold at all leading Stores, Outfitters, Tailors, etc., or sent direct on receipt of price by
BALE & MANLEY
414 Wool Exchange Bldg., Beach St. & W. Broadway, New York.



It pays to buy the Genuine
Brown...
SADDLES
Why so? Because they are the best that human skill with good material can turn out. *Full illustrated catalogue free.*
THE BROWN SADDLE COMPANY,
ELYRIA, OHIO.

YOU want the wheel that leads in all essential points—
Imperial Wheels
—the Go-Lightly Kind,
lead in strength, beauty, speed, safety—being made right, of best material and by experts in every department. The prices please. Write us.
Ames & Frost Company, Chicago.

THE HENLEY
HENLEY
GOLF BALL

A Large Stock Always Carried by
SAM'L BUCKLEY & CO.
100 William Street
New York
Agents for Henley Telegraph Co., L't'd, London, Eng.

$5 to $30 3000 BICYCLES
Everyone a Bargain.
NEW AND SECOND HAND.
2d Hand—good as any for service. $5 to $12. New '99 Models $12.50 to $20. None higher. We guarantee to save you money. Largest variety to select from. Lowest prices ever quoted. Every customer satisfied. Shipped subject to examination and approval. No money in advance. A few good AGENTS WANTED. For price list and particulars address the old reliable cycle house.
BROWN-LEWIS CO., (DL) 293 Wabash Av., Chicago.

$13.25 BUYS A $25.00 BICYCLE
Don't buy a bicycle before you write for our 1899 Catalogue. 2nd hand wheels from $5.00 up. NO MONEY REQUIRED in Advance. Address VICTOR MAN'F'G CO. Dept. G 69, 295 and 297 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Rambler
BICYCLES
Price $40

This is the lowest possible price consistent with Rambler quality. A regular sized bicycle at any higher price **can not** be worth it. At a lower price **no** wheel is of Rambler grade.

RAMBLER AGENCIES EVERYWHERE
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit. Cincinnati. Buffalo. Cleveland. London, Eng.

ALLEN'S A Powder for the Feet.
FOOT=EASE.
Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and burning, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Do not accept an imitation. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.
"Oh, What Rest and Comfort!"
FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address,
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.
(Mention this paper.)

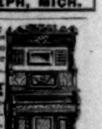
PERFECTION AIR MATTRESSES
PILLOWS
CUSHIONS, Etc.
Once Used—Always Used.
For Fishing : : Hunting, Yachting or Outings of every kind : : : :
Thousands in Use
Catalogue FREE
MECHANICAL FABRIC CO.
Providence, R. I.

ESTERBROOK'S RELIEF

ESTERBROOK'S
Relief Pen, No. 314.
EASE IN WRITING UNSURPASSED.
20 other varieties of stub pens.. 150 styles fine, medium and blunt points..
The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., N. Y.

No Fire, Smoke, Heat. Absolutely Safe. Send 5 stamps for Catalog.
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

We Pay Freight
$9.00 Buys a High Grade Victor Sewing Machine with full set of attachments. Adapted to light or heavy work. Guaranteed for 10 years. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL.
$22.00 Buys a First-Class Victor Church or Parlor ORGAN. Guaranteed for 25 yrs. 20 Days Free Trial. Catalogues Free. Address Dept. E 18.
VICTOR MANUFACTURING CO., 295-297 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.



(*Continued from page 536.*)

old cattle-decks became beautiful apartments, with cozy rooms and sweet white wards. There are 180 electric fans for use when the ship is in the tropics. There is steam heat in every room. There are fresh and sea water baths, hot and cold. There are elevators to carry the patients from the spar-deck to the wards below. And in addition to all the other things that might be particularized there is a library of 10,000 books and magazines, presented by Wall Street capitalists, and there is a dark room for developing negatives. But the true glory was the spotlessness. "The men wept for joy when they saw the clean wardrooms; they laughed in happiness as they ate the palatable food," wrote one who was present on the first trip from Santiago. Captain Luckhurst, the master of the *Missouri*, in a graphic private account of the ship's work, wrote: "It is almost impossible to describe the look of thankfulness that was, in almost every case, depicted upon the haggard faces of the poor fellows as they were laid in the cots upon spring mattresses and snowy sheets, and laid their fevered brows and aching heads upon feather pillows, or took the nourishment or stimulant. One circumstance attracted attention. No matter how far gone the sick men were, they held on to their campaign hats and toothbrushes."

On the several trips of the *Missouri* the loss of life was the lowest ever recorded in war transportation. Her worst voyage in this respect was the first. She took on board 256 men at Santiago, most of whom were desperately ill. Men who weighed from 130 to 180 pounds before they went to war had become so emaciated that they would hardly turn the scales at 80. On this trip 13 died; but, on the other hand, of the 150 cases carried on the ship on litters all but 40 walked ashore, so strengthening had been the attention and comfort of the ship. Undoubtedly the fact that the *Missouri* is one of the steadiest ships afloat, having bilge-keels, contributed to these results. On her next trip from Puerto Rico, out of 270 patients, only one died, and from that time on her record was so clean that it astonished even the surgeons who had charge. She transported several times from two to three hundred sick soldiers from the tropics to this country with not over a single death on each trip, and with the result that most of the sick men became strong enough to walk ashore and go to their homes. In her record of handling between one and two thousand invalids her death-rate was as low as if not lower than any land hospital.

Nor was this all. She served as a floating-hospital, and saved many lives by taking the sick from the unsanitary surroundings of the city of Havana. She distributed hospital stores by the ton, and transported the *personnel* and equipment of division hospitals. During the winter she made round trips between Savannah and Havana, transporting the hospital forces to Cuba and bringing back sick soldiers. Most excellent results were obtained by keeping some of the sick on board until they completely recovered. The full capacity of the ship is 312 patients. All the trained nurses are men, the ship never having carried women, and they have not only cared for the sick, but have acted as instructors in the art of skilled nursing to the recruits of the Hospital Corps. Thus a double good was done—the trained nurses teaching the would-be nurses how to nurse on the trip to Cuba, and then nursing the sick soldiers on the return trip to Savannah. Now that the *Missouri* has shown what can be accomplished in the mercies of war, all the governments are looking to the improvement of their hospital services. But it is likely the *Missouri* will remain unique to the end. The War Department wants to buy her, but her owner refuses to consider any price. We shall wonder what will be the next interesting or thrilling chapter in her history, for after the government turns her back to the owner she will probably resume her cattle-carrying existence, only to come again to fame when fate directs her to another service of humanity. LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Gen. MacArthur

OF the American leaders at the front who have figured most conspicuously since the outbreak of hostilities on February 4—Wheaton, Lawton, Hale, Summers, Funston, King, H. G. Otis, MacArthur, and all the others who have been engaged in driving back the Filipino forces north and south of Manila—the major-general of volunteers whose name we have mentioned last has been cast for the most difficult rôle. General MacArthur, as the central force in that wonderful movement which began at Caloocan and has extended up the great river of Pampangas Province to Aguinaldo's second capital, has been called upon to exhibit dash and steadiness in equal measure, and to both inspire and restrain the officers of his division. A series of victories unbroken as yet, conquests of natural obstacles in a little-known tropical region, and the defeat of a nation in arms by a mere handful of soldiers—these are some of his achievements, under the direction of the commanding general at Manila.

Arthur MacArthur was born in Massachusetts on June 2, 1845. He went into the civil war as a first lieutenant of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Infantry in 1862. At the age of eighteen he was decorated with a medal of honor, and was the permanent commander of a fighting regiment at nineteen. When the civil war was ended he received an appointment as second lieutenant in the regular service, and reached the grade of captain five months later. He went to the Philippines as a brigadier-general of volunteers, and was promoted to the rank of major-general of volunteers for services at the capture of Manila, August 13, 1898.

1899- 35th -1899

Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00

Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

YOU CANNOT ENJOY YOURSELF

in an unhealthful climate, however attractive your surroundings may be. The climate of Colorado splendidly supplements the grandeur of its mountain scenery. May we send you our beautifully illustrated book, "Picturesque Colorado," descriptive of the most fascinating portions of the Rocky Mountain region? Enclose two-cent stamp to prepay postage to

T. E. FISHER, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
"THE COLORADO ROAD"
717 H Cooper Building, DENVER, COLO.

Financial

Letters of Credit.

Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, NO. 59 WALL STREET.

Industrial Consolidations Organized and Underwritten

Combinations of good industrial enterprises organized and incorporated under the laws of any State, and underwriting of first-class industrial and other corporation securities arranged by

WILLIAM R. WEEKS 11 Broadway New York City
Financial and Corporation Lawyer

Women and Mothers

BEST APPRECIATE CUTICURA SOAP.

Its remarkable emollient, cleansing, and purifying properties warrant its use in the form of washes or solutions for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, for ulcerative weaknesses, or too free or offensive perspiration, and for many sanative uses. Gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), greatest of emollient skin cures, in addition, will, in many instances, prove of marked benefit.

Summer Trip to California

A delightful experience by the **Santa Fe Route.**

Do not fear discomfort; it will be hotter at home.

Ask about this and we will make it perfectly clear. We will also send particulars of low rates to be made by the **Santa Fe Route** this summer at the time of the N. E. A. Convention in Los Angeles. 24 to 36 hours shorter than any other route.

Address General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway
CHICAGO.

PHILADELPHIA HORSE SHOW AT WISSAHICKON HEIGHTS.

Special Excursion Tickets via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The eighth annual open-air exhibition of the Philadelphia Horse Show will be held on St. Martin's Green, Wissahickon Heights Station, Philadelphia, May 30 to June 3, inclusive.

The announcement of an exhibition under the auspices of this organization, which is composed of leading citizens of Philadelphia, is in itself an assurance of perfection. The prize list is liberal, and representatives of the best society of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington, and other Eastern cities will enter their horses and equipages in the competition for the premiums.

The grounds, which are located immediately on the Germantown and Chestnut Hill Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, eleven miles from Broad Street Station, are ample for all purposes of the show, and the accommodations for visitors are complete.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets, including coupon of admission, from New York, Philadelphia, Lancaster, Wilmington, West Chester, Phœnixville, and principal intermediate stations (as well as the Chestnut Hill Branch) to Wissahickon Heights Station, May 29 to June 3, good to return until June 5, 1899, inclusive.

Stop-Overs at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington on Pennsylvania Railroad Through Tickets.

In addition to its excellent train service, the Pennsylvania Railroad offers the traveller between New York and Chicago, and New York and St. Louis the privilege of a stop-over of ten days at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. This stop-over is granted on all through first-class tickets reading via those cities. Persons desiring to stop-over must deposit their ticket with the station agent immediately on arrival.

To those who have business to transact in these cities, or to persons who have never visited the National Capital, this privilege is a valuable one, and should appeal to all through travellers between New York and the West, and Chicago or St. Louis and the East. The stations of the Pennsylvania Railroad are centrally located in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and access to any section of the cities is easy, by either the regular street-car lines or by the Pennsylvania Railroad cabs to be found at the Philadelphia and Washington stations.

Swift's

Silver Leaf Lard
Premium Hams
Premium Breakfast Bacon
Beef Extract
Jersey Butterine
Cotosuet

The choicest products of experience, expert care and skillful handling—wholesome, satisfying, pleasing,—there's a certainty of their purity.

Swift and Company, Chicago
Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Joseph, St. Paul

Harper's Periodicals

MAGAZINE	-	$4 00 a Year
WEEKLY	- -	4 00 a Year
BAZAR	- -	4 00 a Year
LITERATURE	-	4 00 a Year
ROUND TABLE		1 00 a Year

Roswell P. Flower

THE sudden death, on May 12, of ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower was a prodigious shock to the public. Governor Flower had for many years been a conspicuous man in public life, but not even when he was Governor of New York was he so much in the public mind as he had been during the last six months. Since the great boom in stocks began he had been, by general consent, the leader of Wall Street. He and his associates had interested themselves in several very important properties, among them the Rock Island Railroad, Chicago Gas, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, and Federal Steel. The Governor seemed to have the golden touch. Everything he took hold of advanced by leaps and bounds in value, and investors who relied on his judgment have been getting rich. People believed in the Flower stocks because they believed in Governor Flower—in his shrewdness, in his integrity, and in his ability to direct wisely and carry out the enterprises in which he was concerned. They believed in his conscience as well as in his head, and they trusted him.

The news of his sudden death was a bolt out of the blue. The Flower stocks all dropped the next morning, and there was a small panic in the Stock Exchange. That was soon stopped, and in a few days the depreciated stocks recovered much of their value.

There was a great deal more to Governor Flower than the millions he got together, and his recent fame as a financier is only an incident in a career that contains a great deal that is noteworthy and gratifying to recall. He was a very good type of American; a man of force, of sound judgment in all dealings with his fellows, of simple tastes, democratic, kindly, and honest. He was born in 1835, the sixth of nine children, in Jefferson County, New York. His father, a wool-carder, died when Roswell was eight years old, leaving a large family with slender means of support. Roswell's education was that of the country school, country store, and high-school. He taught school for a time. At eighteen, after working two months as a salesman in a dry-goods store in Philadelphia, he hired out to a hardware-dealer in Watertown. Soon he became deputy-postmaster, and held that place six years at $600 a year. He saved money, bought a half interest in a jewelry-store, and prospered in that business until 1869. In that year his brother-in-law, Henry Keep, a rich man, summoned him to New York. Mr. Keep died, and left Mr. Flower as his executor in charge of an estate of about $4,000,000. Mr. Flower then formed a partnership with Mr. E. C. Benedict, opened an office in Wall Street, and bought a seat in the Stock Exchange. In the course of five years the firm was succeeded by that of R. P. Flower & Co. Mr. Flower, having capital and business ability, grew rich, became a director in railroads and a power in the world of stocks and bonds. He had political aspirations, bred, no doubt, of his experiences in the post-office at Watertown. In 1881 he ran for Congress in New York against William Waldorf Astor, and beat him. Continuing active in politics, he was elected Governor of New York in 1892. His more notable acts as Governor include the appointment of Judge Maynard as Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals, the purchase of the Fire Island Hotel with his own money at the time of the cholera scare, and the ordering of the State militia to Buffalo in 1894, to suppress the railroad riots.

His death was probably due, indirectly, to the strain of the responsibilities of his recent business enterprises. He used to go every Friday to a country club at Eastport, Long Island, to rest and fish. There he died suddenly from heart disease on May 12.

Besides those who have mourned with reason for Mr. Flower as a financier, a great many persons have mourned for him as a friend. He was very widely known and much liked, so that a multitude of people of all sorts and in all parts of the State have sorrowed at his death.

He built the Flower (Homœopathic) Hospital in New York. With his brother Anson he built a church in Watertown, and with his wife built St. Thomas's House in Fifty-ninth Street, in New York, a dependency of St. Thomas's Church.

The Pessimist

HE pines upon a maple spray,
The sad-eyed, silly fellow;
And mourns of autumn all the day,
Because one leaf is yellow!

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.